

U H
470
9A2B
48
1939

48

UH 470 qA2B 48 1939

14230720R



NLM 05100555 2

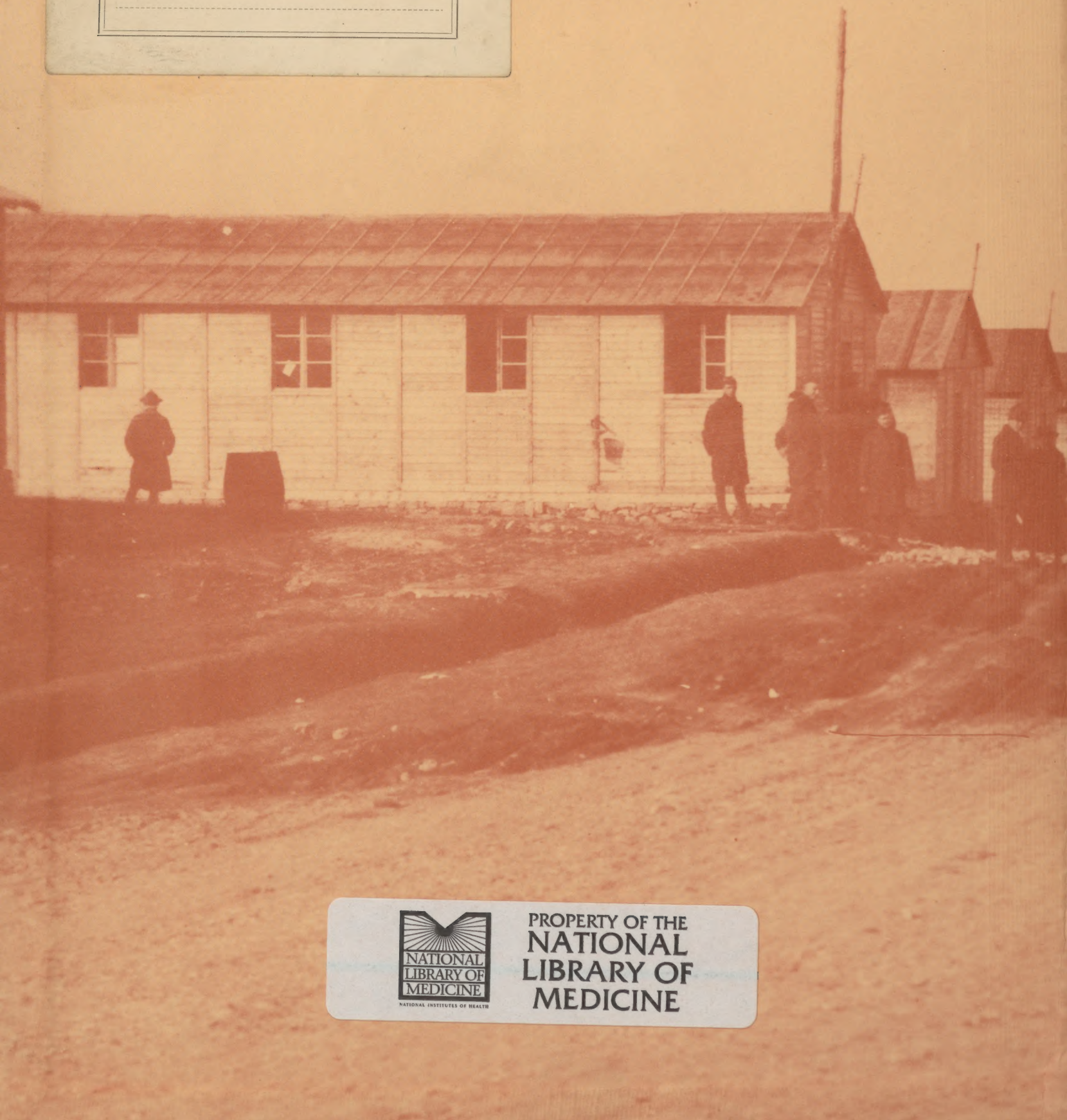
NATIONAL LIBRARY OF MEDICINE

GENERAL'S OFFICE
LIBRARY.

Section _____ Shelf _____

No. 332049

PRESENTED BY—



PROPERTY OF THE
NATIONAL
LIBRARY OF
MEDICINE





HISTORY OF
U. S. BASE HOSPITAL 48

HISTORY OF
U. S. BASE HOSPITAL 48
U. S. ARMY

48

An Informal & Mostly Pictorial

HISTORY OF U. S. BASE HOSPITAL 48

☆ 1918 - 1919 ☆

by Martin Matheson

HISTORY COMMITTEE

W. H. FELTON, *Chairman*

BRIAN CLARK

DR. L. E. HETRICK

DR. F. M. DEARBORN

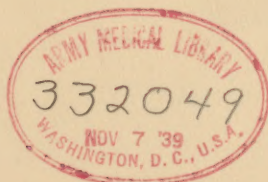
MARTIN MATHESON

DR. A. R. GRANT

ELSIE STREET, R.N.

Published by Veterans U. S. Base Hospital N° 48

New York : mcmxxxix



History of U. S. Base Hospital #48
Copyright 1939, by Martin Matheson
Printed in the United States of America.

LH
470
9 A2B
48
1939

Elizabeth Weiman



Margaret W. Worth

Anna M. Breen



In Affectionate Remembrance of

EDWARD A. GURRY

OCTOBER 20, 1918

MARGARET W. WORTH

OCTOBER 23, 1918

ELIZABETH WEIMAN

NOVEMBER 6, 1918

ANNA M. BREEN

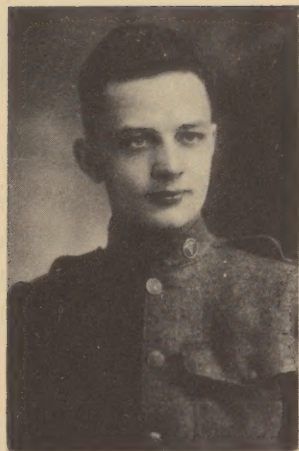
NOVEMBER 17, 1918

HAROLD A. RIGGS

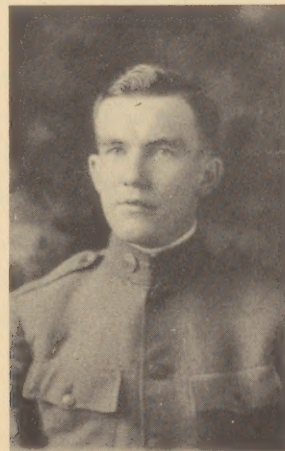
FEBRUARY 11, 1919

Who Died in France while Serving with

U. S. BASE HOSPITAL #48



Edward A. Gurry



Harold A. Riggs

Preface

*" . . . How hard it is to remember what is most memorable.
We remember how we itched, not how our hearts beat."*

THOREAU, *Journal*

The publication of this book is the tangible evidence of the persistence and enterprise of William H. Felton. Back in 1920 Bill first suggested a History of #48, but for various reasons the idea could not be pushed to any definite conclusion. With the passing of the years he became increasingly convinced that some sort of book commemorating our days in the service would be welcomed by the members of our organization. Two years ago the idea met with some interest and the project was announced in the columns of the #48 FATIGUE. A Committee was formed, and an intensive campaign was begun to secure photographs, diaries, letters and other memorabilia, as well as funds to defray the costs of production.

It has taken many months to obtain the necessary number of subscribers to make the book possible. Likewise our efforts to secure material have taken more time than we had anticipated. As published, the book is the result of our united endeavors, and we issue it with the sincere hope that it will give pleasure to every member of the outfit.

The photographs reproduced in the book vary in quality, but they represent the best that could be selected from the hundreds placed at our disposal. Many excellent snapshots of scenes and groups ideally suited to our needs had to be rejected for the reason that they could not be reproduced properly. Obviously, after twenty years even the best photographs will fade unless adequately protected. In some cases the subject of the picture was so necessary to our narrative, that we had to include it in spite of its defects.

As for the text material in the book, we have had to rely on copies of official orders, interviews with various available officers, nurses and enlisted men, diaries, letters, newspaper clippings and similar sources. Unfortunately, the suspicion persists that much usable treasure hidden away in personal letters and diaries is still unknown to us. We wanted every individual on our roster mentioned in the book either in the text or picture legend, but because of lack of information and pictures this has not been possible. No one has been wilfully neglected or omitted. We can also assure all that any reference to an individual is made without malice or intent to hurt. The book has been written in a spirit of friendliness, and it is hoped that this point of view has been maintained throughout its pages.

The story begins on March 6th, 1918, with the mobilization in New York. The inception of #48 goes back, however, many months before this date. For the details of the organization and early development of the Unit, we are happy to recommend the reading of the chapter entitled "Forty-eight" in *AMERICAN HOMEOPATHY IN THE WORLD WAR*, edited by Dr. Frederick M. Dearborn, and published in 1923. Here will be found an official account of the professional work of the Unit—ably written and excellently illustrated.

In some respects, there is no reason for the inclusion of a special section on the "Nurses of #48." They were a vital and integral part of the Unit; and the dignity and importance of their labors are described generally in the Mars section. However, since the nurses as a group had an experience different from that of the others in the Unit, it was thought desirable to include a separate section devoted primarily to the more personal and less professional phases of their overseas activities. This section tells of the nurses in their lighter moments off duty. It does not mean that the nurses and civilians of the Unit spent all their time in dancing, dining *à deux* with charming officer companions, traipsing ecstatically about the countryside, or engaging in similar cheerful pursuits. That is far from the truth; it merely represents one phase of the life of a #48 nurse or civilian. They performed their daily jobs with great personal devotion—and this ideal of service was their main reason for being in France.

This history of #48 really ends when we reached America. What occurred in the brief period at Camp Upton and other places before our discharge was in the nature of an anti-climax and is consequently given little mention.

In conclusion it must be confessed that the preparation of this book, although arduous at times, has been intensely interesting. The Committee has enjoyed its meetings, and it is a matter of regret to all of us that they will be no more. Besides serving as a reminder of other days when we were much younger, it is our hope that the History will also cement the bonds of friendship begun in 1918 and contribute its bit in keeping the Unit alive as an organization.

MARTIN MATHESON

Acknowledgments

This book is of necessity a cooperative venture. It could not have been issued without the help of a number of people, who have contributed generously of their time and good will.

We are particularly indebted to Dr. M. W. Johns and to Dr. F. M. Dearborn for the loan of pictures from their large overseas collections. These pictures are excellent not only for the quality of the subject matter but also for their uniformly superior photographic qualities.

Others who aided us with pictures are: W. R. Bamman, H. Bonnel, D. T. Burke, V. Delahunt, E. C. Demarest, Charles Dugan, Duncan Dunbar, the family of the late Salvadore Amendola, W. H. Felton, H. M. Goldsmith, Wesley Harris, Merritt Hartson, Dr. L. E. Hetrick, Dr. R. L. Johnston, James McBride, Miles Jones, J. Lefton, E. J. Philipp, James Raab, Stuart Whiteside, J. W. Wilder, Dr. M. J. Wilson, L. W. Yule, Dr. Myron A. Zacks; Nancy Gray Felton, Nellie Hankins, Camille Harkin, Ethel Ferguson Loux, Isabella Loughrey McCall, Jane McElroy, Agnes Foley Mears, Leah Sweet Moore, Mildred Benham Moore, Marion Page, Margaret Peloubet, Mollie C. Pifer, Mary Silas Shaffer, Elsie Street, Cora Hayes Striffler, Margaret Tovey, Lulu Wolfe-Smith; the U. S. Signal Corps, F. A. Mackenzie, formerly of the Cunard Line, and the Baltimore Association of Commerce.

#48 was generously endowed with artistic talent, and this book includes a number of drawings from our three outstanding artists, Alfred Ablitzer, Robert Riggs, and the late Thomas Supple. Ablitzer's work is known to everyone through the columns of the *TROUBLE BUSTER* and the *MARTIAN*, and we take pleasure in reproducing throughout this volume representative cartoons selected from those publications.

We are also proud to publish in this History, for the first time anywhere, the war drawings of Robert Riggs. These are unquestionably the work of a first-rate talent and easily explain the high position which Riggs has attained in the world of art since his return to civilian life. To him we owe our thanks for their use in this volume.

Supple's drawings, representing the best traditions of the amateur spirit, were known principally to his intimates. His was a whimsical, humorous, personalized talent, ably supported by a rapid, sure, and delicate technique. For the privilege of reproducing these fascinating sketches we are grateful to Mrs. Thomas Supple, who turned over to us her husband's 1918-1919 personal notebook and a dozen or more separate drawings, and also to Earl L. Regin, W. M. Evans, and Chester Owen, for the loan of Supple sketches in their possession.

There seems to have been an undeclared conspiracy afoot to keep from us the diaries, letters, official orders, and other records called for in the #48 *FATIGUE* and in urgent personal letters. To these brave exceptions, I here record my sincere thanks: Dr. T. F. Davies, Edwin

Clarke, E. C. Demarest, Duncan Dunbar, W. H. Felton, Walter Foley, Lillian Bulger, Agnes Mears Foley, Isabella Loughery McCall, Marion Page, Elsie Street, Katherine Dougherty White, and several others who for various reasons insist on maintaining their anonymity.

Acknowledgment is also extended to Mrs. Harold Taylor and Mrs. W. F. Honan for the opportunity of examining the private war records of the late Harold Taylor and the late Dr. W. F. Honan, to W. H. Felton and McKendree O'Brien for the loan of complete files of the TROUBLE BUSTER and the MARTIAN, and to the Houghton Mifflin Co. for permission to quote a stanza from the poem "Lines Written in Surrey, 1917" by George Herbert Clarke in "A Treasury of War Verse."

In addition to the members of the committee we owe special recognition to the following for their response to our appeal for additional financial assistance in getting the book published: Colonel W. H. Herbert, Dr. M. W. Johns, Loretta McDonald Baecher, W. R. Bamman, J. H. McLoughlin, Robert Riggs, F. S. Rosse, E. C. Demarest, H. Bonnel, Walter Foley, Page McGirr, E. L. Regin, George Mindheim, L. W. Yule, J. Lefton, C. E. Mackeown, E. A. Ruhfel, Dr. R. L. Johnston, S. E. Whiteside, D. A. Hughes, Miles Jones, Chester Owen, James Honan, James Lowery, Christian Winkler, W. A. Garrigues, Jr., Alexander Weinstein, Frank Matt, and Camille Harkin.

The manuscript has been critically reviewed by Miss Elsie Street, Dr. F. M. Dearborn, Dr. L. E. Hetrick, W. H. Felton, and my wife, Viola W. Matheson, to all of whom I am grateful for valuable suggestions and criticisms for its improvement. For reading of proof and other editorial aid, I am glad to acknowledge the assistance of Jannet Anderberg, of my office.

M. M.

Contents

PREFACE	vii
ACKNOWLEDGMENTS	ix
Section I. FORT McHENRY	I
II. CAMP MILLS	11
III. ABOARD THE AQUITANIA	13
IV. LIVERPOOL - SOUTHAMPTON	17
V. LE HAVRE	19
VI. ROANNE	21
VII. MARS-SUR-ALLIER	25
<i>Preparations - Operating Room - Wards - In and About Mars - Deaths in #48 - Major Grant's Operating Team - Camp Activities - "Personals" - Hospital Trains - Armistice - Christmas - Last Days at Mars</i>	
VIII. THE NURSES OF #48	65
<i>Training in New York - Aboard the "SS. Olympic" - En Route - First Days in Mars - Settling Down - Off-Duty Memories - The Armistice - "Personals" - Christmas - Breaking up of the Unit - The Return Home</i>	
IX. #48 SEES FRANCE	89
<i>The Road to Grenoble - Lyon - Nice - Cannes - Monte Carlo - Paris - The Front</i>	
X. CLISSON	103
XI. HOMEWARD BOUND	109
NECROLOGY	117
ROSTER	118

I. Fort McHenry

THE day March 6th, 1918 . . . the National Service Club in New York City across from the Pennsylvania Station . . . the entire place alive with an odd assortment of some one hundred sixty men in mufti . . . suitcases, barracks bags, paper bags, what-not . . . men from Utica, Pittsburgh, New York and sundry other places. Confusion, bewilderment . . . circulation of rumors . . . the first roll call, the beginning of an eternity of roll calls . . . Lieut. Davies, McBride, Diefenbach issuing instructions.

Waiting . . . waiting.

Getting acquainted . . . first impressions . . . the solidarity of the Utica contingent. All kinds . . . the noisy, the show-offs, the shy, the important, the dignified . . . most of them boys, only a few with the maturity and experience of thirty or more. Lining up . . . difficulties of getting order out of undisciplined men . . . grabbing a hasty lunch, the last one as a civilian.

Finally in the railroad cars, en route to Baltimore and Fort McHenry . . . horseplay of the more exuberant . . . the inevitable crap games . . . singing, reading, smoking, gossiping . . . Bobby Clifford's derby . . . the tedium of a slow-moving train.

More waiting in Baltimore . . . overrunning the Union Station . . . the trolley ride on the Carey Street line to the Fort.

The first mess in General Hospital #2 . . . the shock of seeing one of the boys eat twenty-seven prunes. Getting settled in the barracks, the old red, run-down barracks . . . the bawdy inexperienced stories of nice boys trying to appear hardboiled . . . the "You're in the Army now" attitude.

The Army, a replica of life outside . . . some men arrogant, mean, surly, vicious, stupid, gross . . . many more kind, modest, thoughtful, friendly, intelligent, clean.

Rookies in civies . . . learning the meaning of bugle calls . . . fatigue duties and first acquaintance with "the dog" . . . K.P. in our own mess . . . simple, substantial, abundant food . . . the intricate art of policing the grounds . . . the amusing spectacle of big strapping fellows picking up burnt matches, cigarette stubs, paper scraps. The thrill of wearing the uniform for the first time . . . the beginnings of esprit de corps . . . mastering the philosophy and technique of the salute . . . the manoeuvring for soft jobs and promotions . . . drills, hikes, parades, inspections . . . litter drills, lectures on duties of medical troops . . . work assignments with #2 . . . the evening sessions in the mess hall devoted to the study of "Mason's Handbook for Sanitary Troops."

Ball games, boxing bouts, track meets . . . the TROUBLE-BUSTER—brain child of Major Henderson—brought to full strength by Ed Clarke with occasional assistance from Ablitzer, Ruhfel, and Matheson . . . memorable walks along the sea wall . . . friendships in the making . . . idle hours in the Canteen . . . talking with returned wounded soldiers . . . the hoarse, pathetic whisper of the shell-shocked artilleryman asking “Did you ever hear the roar of the big guns?”



ABOUT THE POST.

Cartoon by ABLITZER.

A typical day at Fort McHenry as told in a letter to the home folks:

"At 5.45 one of the guards who patrols the fort all night sticks his head in the door and shouts, 'Show signs of life in there!' We all continue to sleep peacefully, with the exception of Thompson, the carpenter and bugler, who sits up in bed and begins the day properly by lighting a cigarette. I have never known that light to fail. Presently he dresses, opens the stove, closes the window, goes out, and blows the first call. By the time that he has returned with a cup of coffee grafted from the kitchen we have risen, shouted at those who failed to rise with satisfactory promptness, shaken their beds by lifting two feet from the floor if necessary, and begun the process of dressing. All the time we exchange accusations with



TOM SUPPLE shows Mort Pringle enjoying one of his early K. P. Experiences.

great gusto—discussing who snored, whether we had too little or too much air, why the fire went out, whether our collar ornaments will bear the letters U. S. or U. S. N. A., and other matters of equal moment. In the midst of the confusion reveille sounds and we rush out on the front porch and pretend to stand at attention. Our room sergeant inspects the line of half dressed, shivering men, observes that all are present, and dismisses us to finish the process of dressing and washing.

"The mess (breakfast) call sounds at 6.30. We line up in column of twos outside the mess hall and wait patiently, sometimes half an hour. Frequently the column is marched, at its own request, out into the street, and we do calisthenics while we wait. One of the favorite forms of amusement while waiting is to count in concert the steps of the workmen who



Courtesy Baltimore Association of Commerce

An airplane view of Fort McHenry and the industrial section of Baltimore, showing also the well remembered Sea Wall. The Fort is now a National Park and very little of what we knew as U. S. General Hospital #2 now remains.

Below. Through the efforts of these three men, the money necessary to organize Base Hospital #48 was raised. They were also responsible for the selection and recruiting of the enlisted personnel.



Lieut. Col. William F. Honan .



Lieut. Col. Frederick M. Dearborn



Major Arthur R. Grant

pass, shouting to them to get the proper cadence of 120 steps to the minute. Occasionally we find one who does not enjoy the sport; then of course we are delighted.

"In the mess hall we have plain pine tables with benches attached. A great crack runs down the middle of the table, so that it can be cleaned readily. On the table we have enamelled cups and plates, and silver plated knives, forks and spoons. Often the table is incompletely set, but vigorous shouts of 'K.P.' (kitchen police) bring the desired article soon. Our usual breakfast is cereal and condensed milk, soft boiled eggs, bread and coffee. Occasionally we have bacon, steak or corn muffins to vary the monotony.

"After breakfast I make my bed, folding one blanket on the foot according to a prescribed formula. Then I sprinkle and sweep the floor under and around my bed. The center of the room is policed by a man especially detailed for the task every day. Two men now do it all the time; the rest of us are on special detail. Our lieutenant comes around daily to inspect. Each man's name is on a card on the foot of his bed, and woe betide the unlucky man who is untidy. Everything except clothes has to be hung on the walls or concealed in a suitcase. Even the shoes and suitcases have to be placed in a prescribed position.

"We have noon mess at 11.45. Today we had fried cod, potatoes, bread, apricots, and a single slice of peach which I suspect was bought with money from the company fund. We have all chipped in \$1 to buy necessary things which the government does not furnish, such as balls, bats and ice cream. We have \$175 contributed to it already by friends of the unit in New York and Utica.

"After dinner we loaf around for half an hour. I generally take a little nap at noon, the others sit around our barrack room table, made by Thompson from stolen lumber, or sit before the fire and 'chew the rag.' Today the discussion was typical. Favorite topics are when we shall go over, the merits or demerits of our first or 'top' sergeant, and the past and contemplated immoral exploits of some of the occupants of the room. I thought before I came here that I was sophisticated, but I have already learned a choice new line of vulgarity, the chief feature of which consists in applying the vilest terms to one's most intimate friends as pet terms of endearment.

"Supper is at 5.15. I quit a little early in order to have time to wash, tho I never feel clean and do not expect to be immaculate till after the war. Tonight we had for supper a bowl of oyster stew and bread. It was quite enough, but most of the fellows were not satisfied."

Nights off in Baltimore . . . McCoy Hall, the Masons, the K. of C. . . the round of the dance halls every Saturday night . . . the warm and friendly hospitality of the city . . . the girls, droves of them . . . making the last trolley to the Fort at midnight.

Weekly swims at the "Y" . . . ice cream at Huyler's . . . meals—at the Belvedere, the Southern, the Emerson, when you were flush—but usually at Childs and the Waldorf Lunch. Window shopping on Charles Street . . . enchanting evenings in the theatre . . . long treks about the countryside Sunday afternoons.

Dearly remembered songs, sentimental, patriotic, sung at every opportunity . . . "The Long, Long Trail," "Over There," "Tipperary," "Keep the Home Fires Burning," "Just a Baby's Prayer at Twilight," and many others.

Arguments about the War . . . the bull sessions in the barracks . . . saltpeter . . . signing



Courtesy Baltimore Association of Commerce

View of Fort McHenry showing monument of General Armistead, commander of the Fort during the bombardment on September 13, 1814, when Francis Scott Key wrote the "Star Spangled Banner."



Left, five survivors of the Battle of Fort McHenry: Sisti, Teller, Scala, Dugan, Fletcher, and a little lady named Helen Brown.



In front of the entrance to the Fort—just before the nightly automobile ride—Mackeown, Matheson, John Smith and Felton

the payroll . . . the chronic grumbling of soldiers . . . the general embarrassment upon the first short-arm inspection . . . the "Stockyard" song, with its expressive final line . . . the ingenuity of the boys in thinking up reasons for getting furloughs.

John McCormack, Mrs. Newton D. Baker, Howard Thurston, and other entertainers . . . the bunny, Magician Thurston's gift to #48, that went with the outfit to France.

Scott Brown and Ward Jones directing calisthenics . . . the songs that Sacco sang . . . Overholtz and his vaudeville repertoire . . . Bobby Clifford and the "Shooting of Dan McGrew" . . . the irresistible wise-cracks of Mullins . . . the bovine bellowing of Bob Allison . . . the all-pervading earnestness of Lieut. Davies, Detachment Commander.

"Curly" Yule's mumps . . . Mort Evans' diphtheria, and the quarantine of Barracks #3 . . . inoculations and vaccinations by Katherine Dougherty, later to go with us to France as Bacteriologist.

Duncan Dunbar chaperoning Chaplain Wilcox . . . Gleason reading Plato and Emerson . . . John Tunney's tired "dogs" . . . McLean's skill with dice and women . . . "Swede" Santen talking religion . . . Jack Dietz' prediction that the War would last ten years.

Flaxman's waxed moustache—anathema to all the barbers in Baltimore . . . Roy Ledwell, never happy unless tinkering with a recalcitrant automobile . . . Pete Dodge making a personal plea to the C. O. after all other efforts had failed for a two-day pass to attend his Commencement at Hamilton College—and winning!

Bob Christie, going childish, coming down with every children's disease known to science—all during a period of eight weeks.

The fine impression made by Major Herbert, the new C. O., on his arrival . . . Top-Kick McBride's gruff but paternal "Good-night, men" . . . Eli Herrick's Baltimore romance . . . Weinstein, the man of mystery, full of schemes . . . Thompson's erratic bugling after a bibulous night in town . . . Bill Garrigues' perverse insistence on wearing pajamas.

The writing of "IF" by Harold Riggs . . . printed under a pseudonym in the TROUBLE-BUSTER.

IF

*If you can hold your head up while the others
Are drooping theirs from marches and fatigue,
If you can drill in dust that clouds and smothers,
And still be fit to hike another league;*

*If you can stand the greasy food and dishes,
The long black nights, the lonesome road, the blues,
If you can choke back all the gloomy wishes
For home, that seem to spring right from your shoes;*



*The original group of Non-Coms, taken in front of Barracks #3
—McBride, Riedel, McLean, Philipp, Diefenbach, Clarke,
Lowery, A. Bowle, and R. Johnston.*



A general view of the buildings at Fort McHenry. In the foreground are the barracks used by #48. The assembly grounds are just visible.

*If you can laugh at sick call and the pill boys,
When all the other lads are checking in,
If you can kid and jolly all the kill-joys,
Whose faces long ago forgot to grin;*

*If at parade you stand fast at attention,
When every muscle shrieks aloud with pain,
If you can grin and snicker at the mention
Of some bone play connected with your name;*

*If you succeed to keep your knees from knocking
At thoughts of all the bullets you may stop;—
If you can do these things and really like 'em,
You'll be a regular soldier yet, old top.*

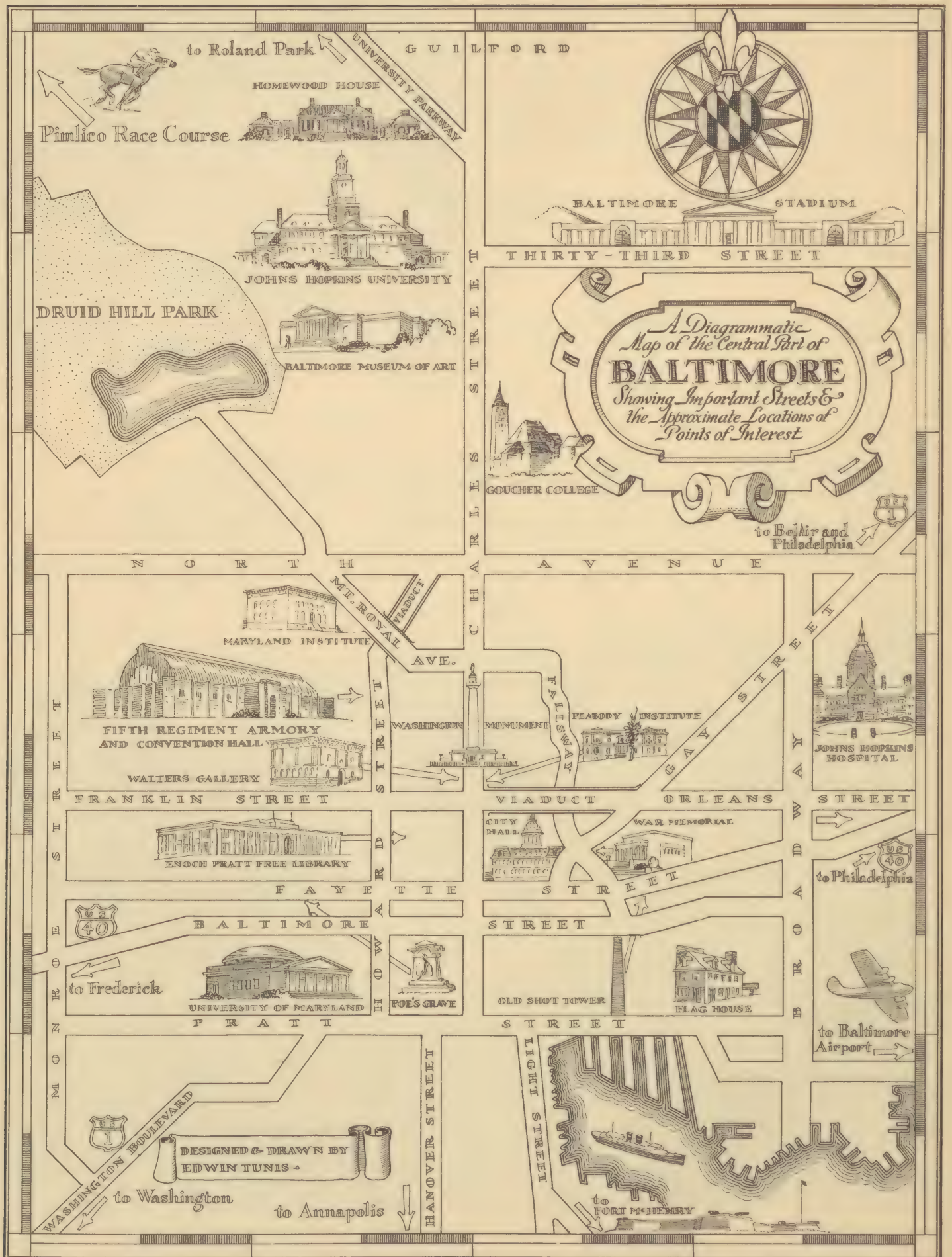
H. A. R.

The growing restiveness of the Unit . . . impatience, irritability, desire for change . . . the multiplicity of rumors. Finally, Travelling Orders for eleven officers and 204 men.

Good-bye to Baltimore . . . Good-bye to Fort McHenry . . . 10 A.M. June 20th, 1918.



Drawing by SUPPLE.



II. Camp Mills

TWO hundred and more men—eager, happy, finally on the way . . . no longer rookies, but soldiers, with some idea of army life.

The famous Pennsy Railroad . . . incredibly slow moving trains . . . many stops . . . the rough-housing and horseplay, the “riding” of the vulnerable. Quick dashes to railroad lunch rooms for coffee and buns . . . much over-eating . . . Red Cross women with chocolate. Enthusiastic crowds everywhere cheering the troop trains.

Camp Mills 9:00 P.M.

The Tent city. First experience sleeping on army cots under canvas . . . July heat in daytime . . . cold, bitter cold, at night . . . the initiated using quantities of newspaper for warmth and insulation. Steel helmets . . . spiral leggings . . . the ways of the blanket roll . . . the beginning of an interminable series of equipment and physical inspections. Wind, dust, rain . . . c. c. pills and the long, long trail to the latrines. Warehouse details . . . gravel spreading . . . lumber toting . . . three-hour drills . . . hiking . . . midnight fire drills.

The pep rallies under the big tent with the Y.M.C.A. boys leading the singing . . . and the songs that will always haunt your memory—“Madelon,” “Roses of Picardy,” “Smiles,” “K-K-Katy,” “Hail, Hail, the Gang’s All Here,” “Pack Up Your Troubles in Your Old Kit Bag,” “Dear Old Pal of Mine.”

Twenty-three and a half hour leaves for final farewells . . . Chestnut Street, Garden City . . . Country Life Press Station of the Long Island Railroad . . . the bewildering attractions of New York . . . camp crowded with fathers, mothers, girls . . . hurried good-byes at the gate.

Chaplain O’Brien left behind, due to a mistake in sailing orders . . . Lieut. Broderick, Granger, Caretto sent to Mineola Hospital . . . Brady A. W. O. L., but catching up with the outfit weeks later in France . . . the transferring of Freedman to Newport News.

The last night on American soil . . . slipping out of camp to Hempstead, for a whirl at the night life of a suburban town. No sleep . . . rolls packed . . . waiting for dawn and sailing orders.

At 10:20 P.M. on July 4th, the train leaving camp for Long Island City with thirty-six officers and two hundred and one men of #48 . . . then, the ferry around the Battery to Pier 54, North River, at the foot of 14th Street, New York . . . serious thoughts akin to nostalgia creeping through the ranks, and loud, lusty singing to chase away the blues.



Photo by U. S. Signal Corps

Camp Mills—the Tent City. Here is a company street showing one row of tents with the bottom flaps up, airing.



Visitors swamped Camp Mills during the last few days before sailing. In this picture are the relatives and friends of Demarest, Garrigues, Dunbar and Grayburn.

III. Aboard the SS. Aquitania

LUCK, the luck of #48 . . . drawing the SS. Aquitania, one of the largest, fastest and most luxurious of the Cunard Line!

6,000 men . . . infantrymen, cavalrymen, artillerymen, several detachments of medical men . . . double deckers in what was the Music Room in happier days . . . English tea and biscuits, affectionately known as "bullets."



Boarding the "SS. Aquitania" on the Fourth of July, 1918. DRAWN BY BOB RIGGS.

The tedium of a night in dock . . . the multitudinous details involved in transporting men and supplies.

Slipping out to sea early afternoon on July 5th . . . hands waving, whistles blowing, noise, excitement . . . the confidence-inspiring convoy of gunboats and hydroplanes . . . our disappointment at being ordered to quarters while passing down the harbor.



The "SS. Aquitania," which carried #48 to France. This ship of the old Cunard Line transported 47,867 Americans overseas, making nine trips across the Atlantic.



The quarters of #48 on the "SS. Aquitania." Try to imagine this luxurious lounge stripped of its fancy trappings, and the room close packed with steel wire double-deckers for 200 men!

Sobering thoughts on leaving home and America, to be gone perhaps for an eternity of time . . . a future loaded with unpredictables.

Idle days on shipboard . . . reading . . . letter writing . . . calisthenics . . . concerts . . . lectures . . . boxing matches. Long hours in the sun . . . the companionable pipe and ever-present cigarette . . . a magnificent rainbow after a light rain. The execrable mess supplied by the British . . . lemon snaps and oranges in abundance at the Canteen.

The bewildering sequence of clock changes.

Occasional fireboat drills . . . watching the American artillerymen pointing the six-inch guns at an imaginary enemy. The shutting of doors and portholes at night, and the attendant stench . . . a few of the nervous succumbing to a mild form of seasickness. Major Grant doing an emergency appendectomy.

The news of the death of Major John Purroy Mitchell, former Mayor of New York, in an airplane accident.

The inexpressible joy of sighting a foreign land for the first time . . . absorbing curiosity . . . trying to see everything at once. The reassuring sight of another convoy of American destroyers.

The Welsh coast in the distance July 12th.

Slow progress up the Mersey . . . finally, docking at Liverpool in the early afternoon . . . being met by British Tommies who handed each man a facsimile greeting of welcome from King George V.



IV. Liverpool—Southampton

*"Ah, who may trace this tranquil loveliness
In verse felicitous?—no measure tells;
But gazing on her bosom we can guess
Why men strike hard for England in red hells,
Falling on dreams, 'mid Death's extreme caress,
Of English daisies dancing in English dells."*

GEORGE HERBERT CLARKE

THE long wait for the train to Liverpool . . . Alf Gates getting acquainted with the complexities of international exchange . . . the first cup of English coffee with grenadine as a sweetener.

The slow 200-mile journey through the beautiful English countryside . . . towns with memorable names—Warrington, Parlington, Cheadle, Heath, Oxford, Swindon, Andover, Romsey. England at war . . . blast furnaces aflame at night . . . factories humming with activity. And then the peaceful scenes . . . small English cottages, thatch-roofed, neatly hedged . . . farms, geometric in their outlines.

Eight men to a compartment in a third class English coach, also eight packs . . . the weary and worn attempting sleep on the floor or the baggage rack, one at a time . . . rations of bully beef and hard tack. Getting a glimpse of the disposition and character of our buddies in disagreeable circumstances.

Coffee served by English women at midnight on the cold, gloomy station platform at Derby.

Southampton at six in the morning. The welcome three-mile hike to the Rest Camp. The distressingly poor breakfast . . . the sense of desolation pervading the area . . . the inappropriateness of the word "rest" as applied to the camp . . . German prisoners on labor details.

The march back through town . . . that feeling, bordering on tears, on the way to the Channel dock, at the sight of the schoolteacher lined up at the curb with her class, displaying a large blackboard on which was written "We thank you for coming over to help us."

The picturesque wharf at Southampton . . . the eerie feeling of seeing several English boats with their sides rammed in by the torpedoes of German submarines.

Boarding the "Caesarea," a small Channel boat, badly overcrowded with troops . . . the weird attempts to find a comfortable place to sleep on deck or in the hull. Nerves tense, jumpy . . . the relief on landing, even in the rain and cold, at Le Havre, July 14th.



The Base Hospitals of the S.O.S., the figures indicating the number of beds available. (From Col. McEntee's Military History of the World War—Courtesy Charles Scribner's Sons.)



N. Bankert, Hubbard, Miles Jones and Owen.

Three #48 men posing for a professional photographer, Fletcher, in charge of the Pharmacy; Gaffney, the Postmaster; and Evans, who managed the Unit Canteen in Mars.

V. Le Havre

THE long, uphill hike from the boat to the Rest Camp at Sanvic . . . officially four miles, but many more to the unfortunates wearing new hobnailed boots and loaded down with full equipment. Blisters and sore feet . . . the “belly-aching” of the tired . . . the slipping and faltering along the way . . . the cursing . . . the magical change brought about by the playing of an American military band at the halfway point . . . rain and mud—mud and rain.

English Tommies at the Rest Camp—mostly middle-aged—enjoying gambling games with buttons for money. The French canteen and standing in line for the opportunity to buy dates, cheese or “chocolat Menier” . . . small French boys slipping into camp begging for “ceegarettes” and “pennees.”

Rain . . . rain.

Leaking tents . . . floor under water . . . sleeping twelve men to a tent on duckboard, with no mattresses. A diary entry:

“July 14th. It rained hard all night—and what a night! All the fellows in our tent were tall, so we had to sleep, or try to sleep, with our heads around the walls of the tent and our feet toward the center pole, like spokes in a wheel. The result was a hopeless scramble of feet at the hub, far from comfortable. Every time a man turned or shifted position, someone would waken from his doze and start cussing the poor offender. It was a long, long night—the dismal drone of the rain punctuated with our sighs and grunts and groans. When morning finally came it found us lame and cold and weary, lying in several inches of water!”

Jimmy O’Leary and Frank Matt scrambling out of their tents at midnight in the mud and rain when some misguided joker sounded a private air raid call . . . Murray, unselfish gent, always seeing to it that none of his tent mates suffered any untoward inconvenience or discomfort.

July 15th, and the beginning of the jaunt to our destination . . . the French trains in war time . . . passenger coaches, the famous “40 and 8” freight cars, hospital trains. French soldiers going to and from leaves . . . husky German prisoners on heavy labor in the railroad yards . . . roadbeds along the route literally covered with rusty tin cans thrown from troop trains.

The first glimpses of the incredibly beautiful French countryside . . . the strange funereal garb of the peasants . . . the slow, plodding movements of the ox carts . . . and—always—old men and old women. The curious primitive methods of washing clothes along river banks—“beating hell out of the clothes with a paddle,” observed Dave Mulcahy.

The good full-bodied taste of American beans shared with compartment mates . . . the general suspicion of "bully beef" or "monkey meat" . . . the many stops along the way, with opportunities to steal quick snacks at the numerous "estaminets" or to shave alongside the train . . . the vile water at the way stations, properly labelled "Pas de Potable" . . . the unbelievable frankness of the public sanitary conveniences.



Troop Train on a Siding. DRAWN BY BOB RIGGS.

Passing around Paris . . . famous old names cropping up—St. Cyr, Versailles, Juvisy . . . the Loire country, abounding in vineyards, with acres of sheds and wine casks . . . Nevers, Moulins, St. Germain.

Viewing an air raid from a safe distance of six miles . . . the faint rumbling of the big guns many more miles away . . . the fireworks in the sky . . . sirens.

The electric storm . . . slanting rain.

The train gliding through the mountains and reaching Roanne July 18th at 11.30 in the morning.

VI. Roanne

THE mile or so hike from the train, along a good smooth road . . . the good humor of the men . . . and the silly little songs . . . noon mess at a French military hospital.

The final stop at the hospital selected for the Unit . . . low, long, rambling buildings of masonry . . . a still larger number of shacks, obviously wards. Pleasant, comfortable billets . . . mattresses (oh, luxury!) stuffed with hay for bunks on the concrete floors . . . running water and the strange stirrup toilets.

The well-remembered first night in town . . . the haste of parched souls to sample "vin blanc" and "vin rouge" . . . the childlike enjoyment of a civilian meal, with white tablecloths and china and other almost forgotten refinements. The robust contempt of our boys for French movies . . . searching out the far-famed #12, where many came to scoff and a few remained to pray.

The overrunning of all restaurants, hotels and inns by #48 men . . . the simple pleasures of sipping wine or coffee at the many sidewalk cafés and making the acquaintance of the friendly natives . . . the irrepressible gaiety of the young French mademoiselles, and their desire to be helpful.

The wild jubilation on the arrival of the first mail from home . . . the sad, hurt faces of those who missed out . . . Charlie Gaffney cheerfully promising regular mail service.

The everyday homely chores . . . washing clothes and trying to keep clean . . . the unsatisfactory swim in a nearby creek, amazingly dirty and vile-smelling.

The mild panic which occurred in the little Protestant church in Roanne when sixty men from #48 attended Sunday morning service . . . the still greater excitement of the minister when he saw the collection plate . . . and the catch in your throat when the gang sang "Onward Christian Soldiers" with Jimmy Sisti at the organ.

Lovely moonlight nights . . . cool and fresh smelling.

The pretty mademoiselle from Roanne who trailed Bill Felton all over the A. E. F. . . . and the not so pretty one from the same place who ditched him.

Again the long, tedious days of waiting for orders . . . the assignment of picayune details to keep us busy—picking up stones in the open Square, or pulling weeds . . . Walt Foley's discourses on short cuts to success in the army . . . the inexhaustible red dog players, George Drake, Ray Barrett and others . . . the select coterie of crap shooters.



Getting ready for some deviltry—Bonnell, Lahey, Goldsmith, and Harry Honan.



Officers of #48 on a hike—resting outside the limits of Roanne.

The ceaseless activity of the rumor-mongers . . . #48 to go to the front, to a hospital in Nice, to stay in Roanne, to go to Mars-sur-Allier in order to start the largest hospital center in France . . . but no one really knowing the truth, not even the C. O.

The relief when orders came to pack barracks bags and roll packs, preparatory to moving on to Mars . . . yet regretfully leaving Roanne, the scene of many happy hours. The jeers thrown at the seventeen men left behind for baggage detail under Captain Miller . . . lingering there for two months unloading medical supplies that should have gone to Mars!

The outfit off on July 24th . . . moving slowly . . . taking seventeen hours to negotiate a trip of approximately one hundred miles . . . and reaching Mars on the afternoon of July 25th.



Drawing by SUPPLE.

The Hotel in Roanne where most of the boys acquired a taste for "Vin Rouge" and "Vin Blanc."



One of the more comfortable Barracks at Roanne, facing the Parade Grounds.



French Barracks, where #48 spent the first night in Roanne.

VII. Mars-Sur-Allier

PREPARATIONS

A WILDERNESS of wooden shacks . . . acres of lumber and other building materials . . . a mushroom American city rising to completion literally overnight. Annamites, Spaniards, negroes and French doing the skilled and unskilled labor . . . a company of U. S. Engineers in charge . . . planning, surveying, laying out, supervising . . . Supple, Regin, Bailey, Thompson and Wilcox contributing their skill and experience. Dividing the Unit those first days into carpenters, plumbers, electricians, bricklayers and what not . . . accountants becoming plumbers, teachers ditch diggers, actors electricians, and other strange transformations.



Supple and Bailey—with their Good Man Friday, alias "Krazy Kat"—on a Survey. DRAWING BY SUPPLE.

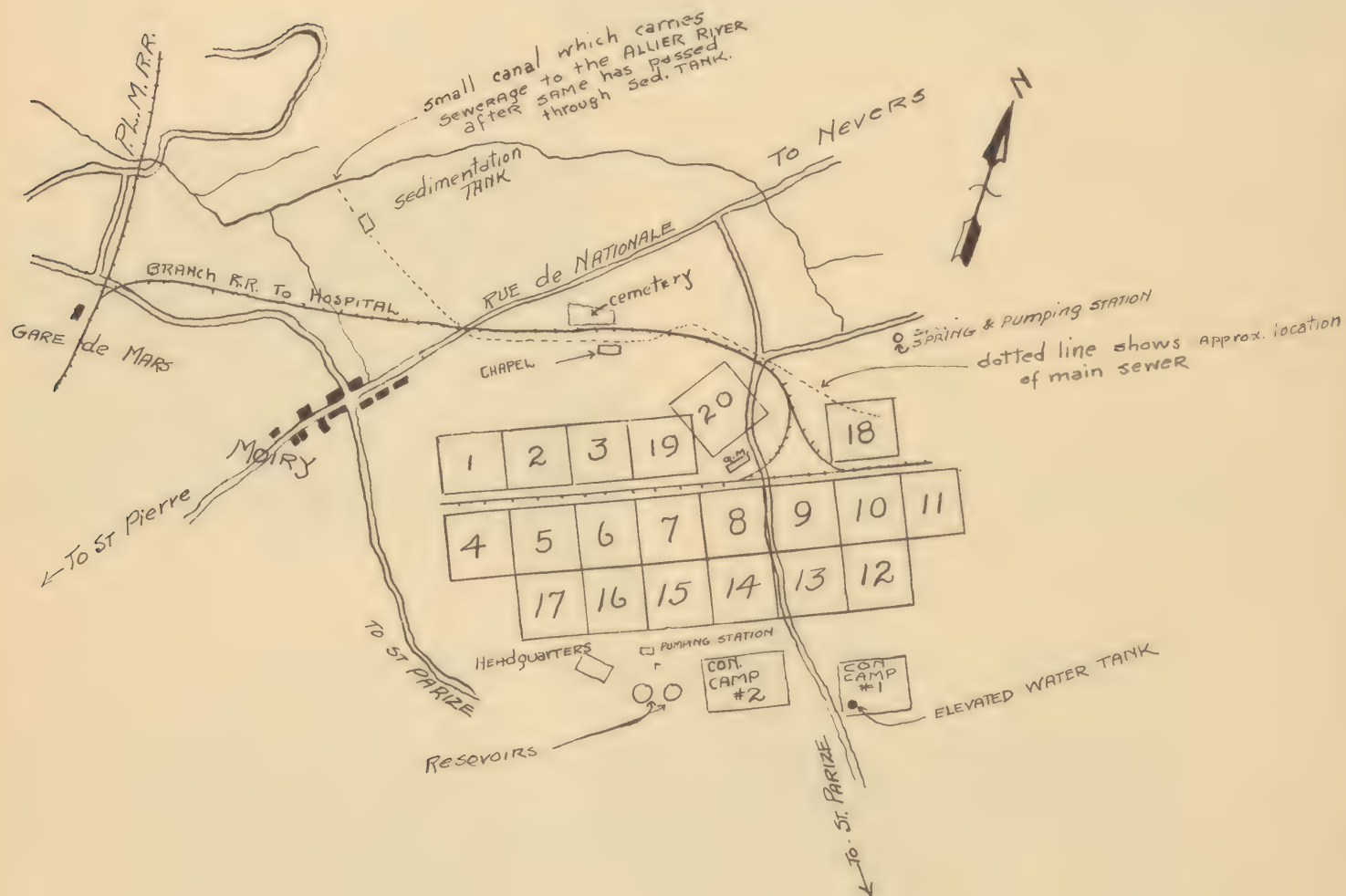
Getting the hospital ready for the expected influx of wounded . . . wards set up with full equipment . . . operating room made ready . . . rolling miles of bandages.

The infants nursing bottles sent by the supply authorities to our laboratory . . . and their unusual use later as packing and sterilizing media.

And all the while, much rain and acres of mud.

Sleeping on cots under the big marquee tent . . . the omnipresent French fleas, with a bite you still remember . . . the diarrhea epidemic, Eddie Doeberl hardest hit. The #48 mess and the inevitable "slum," "monkey meat," "goldfish" . . . but plenty of it.

Below is a map drawn by Tom Supple, showing the engineering layout of the Mars Hospital Center as it would have been, had the war continued and all plans carried out. No work had been done, except a series of surveys on Sections #12, #13, #14, and #18. Sections #15 and #20, originally planned for nurses and officers quarters, were used by the American Red Cross and the Q.M. and Motor Transport respectively. Section #19 was three quarters completed and was occupied by the Engineers. Headquarters Section was, of course, completed and occupied. A chapel at the Mars Cemetery had been started, but was abandoned on the signing of the Armistice. The completed sections of the Center were occupied by the following groups: #1—Base Hospital #48; #2—Base Hospital #35; #3—Civilian Labor; #4—Base Hospital #68; #5—Base Hospital #14; #6—Base Hospital #62; #7—Base Hospital #123; #8—Base Hospital #107; #9—Base Hospital #131; #10—Evacuation Hospital #30; #11—Vacant.



Exciting communiques from the Front . . . the Americans at Belleau Wood, Soissons, Château-Thierry . . . ghastly reports of casualties in the wheat fields . . . hospitals jammed with wounded American boys . . . ten #48 surgeons summoned to the Front.

Then, August 2nd, the arrival of the first hospital train at 8.45 A.M., with nearly three hundred wounded . . . serious stretcher cases . . . everybody out to carry stretchers. The first awful sight of the interior of a hospital train . . . three cots high either side . . . the sickening stench of blood, gangrene and foul air.



Spanish Laborers building Barracks. DRAWN BY BOB RIGGS.

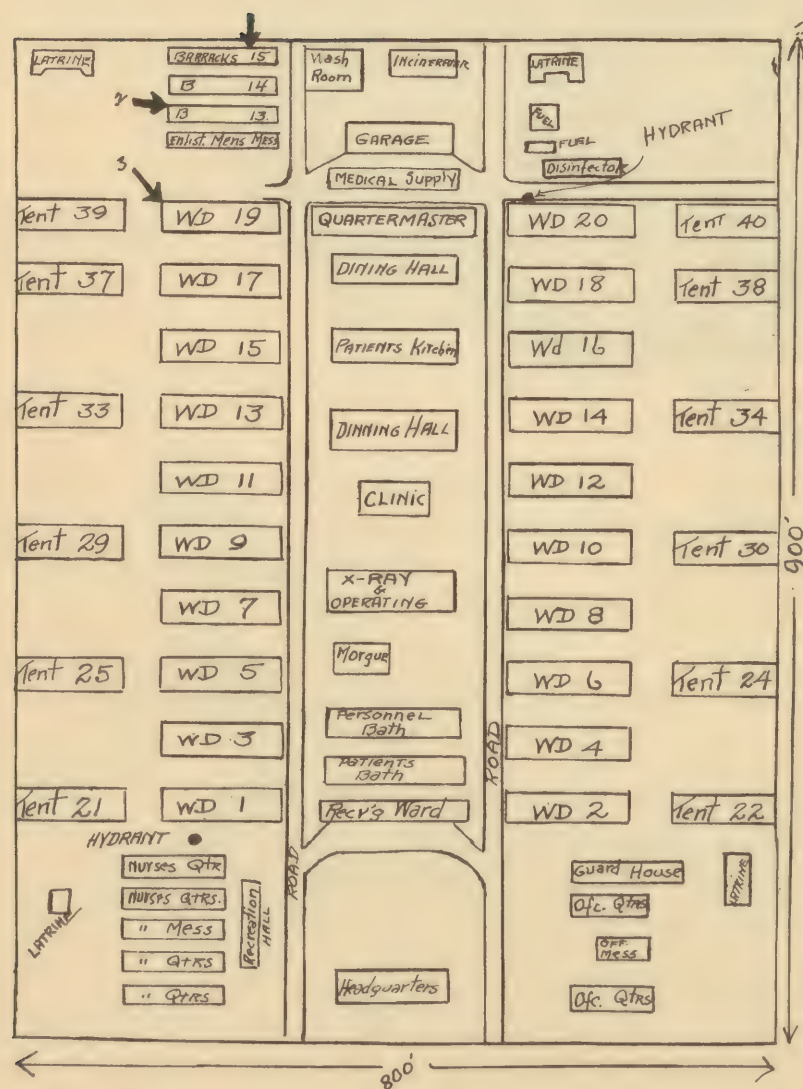
The tender but inept handling of the wounded . . . the moans and curses of the very bad cases . . . the journey from the train through the rain and mud, stumbling over the bad roads . . . the traffic jam of stretchers in the Receiving Ward . . . the assignment to the various wards, according to the nature of the wounds—gas cases, head wounds, fractures, walking cases.

Another train load at noon . . . still another at three the next morning . . . mostly victims of the Château-Thierry drive.

Stories of danger, heroism, pain and death—from those able to talk . . . some joking . . . others lying in a half stupor. One young boy, head encased in bandages, mumbling deliriously . . . so many young boys. The jargon of foreign voices in American uniforms, . . . several German wounded, also very young.



Designed for a Hospital population of 40,000 and a convalescent camp of 5,000, covering 33 acres and including 700 buildings—the Center was half completed when the War ended. A total of 37,774 patients passed through the hospitals of Mars, while 12,599 received treatment at the Convalescent Camp; 438 died and were buried in Mars Cemetery . . . Col. George A. Skinner, C. O.



Mort Pringle, Top Sergeant.



General Plan of Section #1, occupied by #48—as found in Tom Supple's private notebook.

OPERATING ROOM

Many desperate cases . . . the need for immediate operations.

The #48 Operating Room . . . a long brick building . . . two tables working constantly those first few days. First operation . . . a left eyeball enucleation, performed by Capt. L. E. Hetrick . . . too dreadful to describe.

You remember the tall Californian . . . the jagged wound in the thigh, caused by high explosives . . . the terror in the man's eyes as he witnessed the scene at the other operating table . . . the huddled masked figures . . . the blood on the floor . . . the fumes of ether . . . the terrible glare of the big white light . . . your clumsy efforts to comfort him.



UNLOADING A
HOSPITAL TRAIN
8/6/18

Unloading a Hospital Train. DRAWN BY BOB RIGGS.

The entire scene comes back to you again . . . the surgeon scrubbing up . . . the pains taken at sterilization . . . surgical asepsis . . . the anaesthetist . . . the cans of ether . . . vaseline, gauze, tongue clips. "Breathe deep." "Take it easy." The ether begins to take . . . the man groans, mumbles, starts to struggle, throws his arms about. But he is held down by strong men, and is limp now. Shaving the area about the wound . . . instruments ready . . . painting the wound with iodine. The swift, sure cut of the knife . . . blood . . . the haemostat . . . then more haemostats. Probing for the piece of shrapnel . . . finally finding a jagged piece of steel covered with a piece of cloth from the man's uniform. Tying up blood vessels . . . cutting away all affected tissue . . . the efficacy of "débridement" . . . red rubber tubes for drainage . . . filling the wound, now a big open cavity, with gauze soaked with Dakin Solution . . . vaseline strips . . . absorbent pad . . . vast lengths of bandage. And the job is done.



An American hospital train steaming into Mars. Up to early in December 1918, 19 hospital trains similar to the above with a total of 304 cars had been built in England for the American Army . . . 29 additional trains were under construction when the war ended. Below—The Interior of a U. S. Hospital Train, showing how the wounded were transported—three tiers to a side.



Operations hour after hour . . . head wounds . . . the terrible sound of clipping the bone of the scalp . . . gruesome abdominal wounds . . . the shock of seeing an amputation for the first time . . . and the feeling of unutterable sadness when the Southern boy died on the table before anything could be done for him.

The bewilderment of the British notables in Mars on a tour of inspection during an exceptionally heavy downpour of rain . . . visiting the #48 operating room and their consterna-



Newly arrived Patients waiting in the Receiving Ward. DRAWN BY BOB RIGGS.

tion at finding a rib resection in progress under an umbrella . . . and their further amazement at the sight of the anaesthetist calmly administering ether six feet from the open door of the roaring coal stove.

Marvelling often at the incredibly beautiful operating technique of Lt. Col. Honan, Major Grant and Captains Hetrick, Reynolds and White . . . obvious even to a layman . . . the deft, unobtrusive skill of Nurses Mackay and Chalmers, anticipating every move of the surgeons.

Mopping up after an operation . . . the "ether jag."

The Morgue. Beautiful bodies awaiting autopsy . . . the improvised table set at an inclined plane . . . the bucket to catch the blood . . . the unspeakable stench, mixed with cigarette smoke. The rapid and scientific handling of each case . . . dictating the findings

Operations in progress. Twenty-three different officers performed 332 operations. Major Reynolds led with 84, followed by Lieut. Col. Honan with 71, Capt. White with 42, and Major Grant 23. Anaesthetists were Lieutenants Tyler, Wilson and Hynard. The enlisted personnel included Herrick, Armstrong, Heyward, Phillippo, and Yule.



Ward #20, with Lieut. Bretzfelder, Ward Surgeon, and Nurse Gertrude Reid in foreground.

Ward #4, which specialized in fracture cases. Balkan frames, made by our own carpenters, were used extensively.



. . . the minute details required by the Regulations. The gradual development of callousness in the midst of death . . . and Harry Honan's cheerful efficiency, no matter how tough the going.

WARDS

Wards loaded. Men desperately sick . . . all types of wounds—head, chest, abdominal, arm, leg . . . fracture cases . . . amputations . . . helpless, fed and bathed like babies.



Slightly Wounded detraining. DRAWN BY BOB RIGGS.

The regular morning ordeal, the dressing of wounds . . . ward surgeon, nurse, orderly . . . white enameled cart with sterile dressings . . . surgeon in sterilized gown and gloves. Removing the old packings and tubes . . . much probing . . . swabbing with Dakin Solution . . . replacing of tubes and packings. The frightful agony of the patient . . . moans and shrieks . . . an odd assortment of humans, some pathetically brave and making no outcry; others petulant, unreasonable, frightened.

The tender, untiring, patient and efficient service of the nurses . . . the devoted, sympathetic work of the ward men, gaining rapidly in skill and technique.

Observing the miraculous achievements of the Dakin Solution . . . composed of chlorinated lime, sodium carbonate, boric acid, water, and a mild coloring agent . . . perfected by Dakin, an English scientist . . . the administering technique developed by Carrel, a French surgeon. Suspending a bottle of Dakin Solution over the bed . . . rubber tubes,

glass couplings, metal clips . . . wound saturated every two hours . . . the reek of chlorine. The amazing faith of the surgeons in this antiseptic, capable of destroying all infection-producing organisms.

The dull, deadly monotony of ward life . . . the taking of temperatures . . . the reading of the pulse . . . the keeping of complete charts and records . . . rushing bed pans and "ducks" . . . the never-ending task of making and unmaking beds . . . hypodermic injections and many other necessary personal tasks . . . and the endless washing and scrubbing, and serving of meals.

The ghastliness of the ward with the gas cases . . . bodies covered with first degree burns . . . the difficulty of breathing . . . lungs gone . . . pain beyond human strength . . . the screams of those in agony . . . no bandages or weight of any kind possible over the burns . . . human wrecks.

Many faces throng the memory . . . Lieut. Miner, his body mutilated by countless wounds . . . Lieut. Ralph Branch, young Scott . . . Bill Nielsen, dying on Armistice Day, after four or five operations . . . Lieut. Cassidy, all courage, holding on to the sides of the operating table, suffering an operation without ether and making no outcry. Lieut. Hugh Thompson, with a serious hip fracture, one leg rigged up on a Balkan frame—going through weeks of torture . . . old "Tex" Pearsall the playboy singing "Put Your Head Down Fritzie Boy" . . . Capt. Shephard, a repeater in Ward #10. Major Ashburn, a Texan, six feet six . . . and Lieut. Dorwit, just making the legal height requirements of the Army. Nixon, the famous footballer, with a bad knee wound . . . Lieut. Archie Gordon and Lieut. Coughlin, Yale classmates, both seriously wounded, enjoying a reunion in the hospital. The testiness of the Southern infantry officer . . . the kindly General labelled "Class D," the personal charge of Ed Demarest, who finally accompanied him to Savenay . . . the surprise visit of Dr. Henry Sloane Coffin, eminent Presbyterian preacher, to Ward #10—and finding many old friends among patients and staff.

The Flu Epidemic . . .

A WARDMAN SPEAKS

*Fifty men in this ward,
All flu cases.
Too crowded—thirty
Would be enough.
Most of them will die,
Poor devils.
Burning up with fever—
High fever, almost unbelievable.
Nothing much you can do for them.*

*See those cubicles
Down toward the back?*

*The doomed are there.
Their time is short;
They are so sick, so weak,
They don't seem to care.*

*Each day
Some are moved,
Bed by bed, closer
To those cubicles.
And they look at us
With frightened eyes,
Hoping somehow
We can stop
That relentless march
Toward the rear.
No wonder we call it
The Death House.*

*When they are gone
They turn ghastly
Dark gray;
And then the stretcher bearers
Carry them out,
Covered with a sheet.*

*The nurse,
It's getting her now.
She has a fever too,
But she won't quit.
These are her boys,
She says,
She wants to see them through.
I hope she can,
But miracles are rare.*

*And outside it rains
And rains like hell.
God—will it never end?*

M. M.

The camaraderie of the wounded men in the wards . . . the never-ending query—what outfit, buddy? . . . the long nights of conversation with them after work hours . . . trying to drag their stories out of them—how they were wounded, and the events leading up to their hospitalization.



The Medical Service:—Capt. Davies, Capt. Randall, Lieut. Col. Dearborn, Capt. Miller, Capt. Stephenson and Capt. Grosvenor.

Of the 1,869 cases 1,129 were admitted from Oct. 1st to the end of the Hospital functioning. The record is interesting—371 cases of influenza, 139 bronchitis, 19 broncho-pneumonia, 10 lobar-pneumonia, 68 gas inhalation, 67 gas burns, 223 enteric diseases, 47 arthritis and myositis, 6 rheumatic fever, 6 pulmonary tuberculosis, 24 measles, 14 diphtheria, and 4 meningitis.



X-Ray Department—Amendola, Capt. Johns, Upham, Bammon. X-rayed 660 cases, with a total of 1,148 exposures. Also did the work of the Signal Corps, taking almost 200 photographs of Mars and nearby places.



The X-Ray Laboratory. The stereoscope is shown at the right. A note of optimism on the part of the staff is indicated by the generous spray of mistletoe over the door!

IN AND ABOUT MARS

Picturesque Moiry. The welcoming open door of the "Cheval Blanc" . . . funny colored prints on the wall . . . the red tile floor. The blowzy barmaid, Gabys . . . the garbage man's daughter . . . the warnings of the M. P. A final quick brandy . . . and the merry, musical, maudlin climb up the hill to Section I and the questionable comfort of the double-decker—the great and glorious "Battle of Cognac Hill"!



Enlisted Men's Mess Hall. DRAWN BY BOB RIGGS.

Memories of quiet, happy walks to St. Parize, St. Pierre and other nearby towns . . . the healthy reticences of a good comrade . . . the never-ending quest for some friendly farmhouse abounding in good wine and food . . . sometimes with a nurse daring to defy the Regulations . . . the one important topic of discussion, what you were going to do when the War was over.

Lying in the fields in the sun . . . the luxurious feel of the grass . . . the singing of the birds . . . yet the constant awareness of killing going on not so many kilometers away.

A part of the War, and yet not a part of it . . . reading the details of engagements in the Paris edition of THE NEW YORK HERALD . . . the always welcome arrival of the weekly issue of the STARS AND STRIPES, the A. E. F. paper.

The Pharmacy. Conrad, Hoffman, Granger and Ledger (not in picture) averaged 75 prescriptions a day for a total of 5,608. The Pharmacy had charge of the preparation daily of Dakin's Solution, a most important function, necessitating considerable care and accuracy. The Pharmacy also prepared enormous quantities of Brown's Mixture, Epsom Salts Solution and distilled water.



Dental Service—Capt. Leighton, Lieut. Hynard, Kronmiller, Shapiro and Morris. This department performed 1,500 dental operations per month. Thirty-six fractured jaws were taken care of, necessitating the use of splints.

Interior of Ward #10. Chaplain Lloyd Benedict is shown on the left. Beyond may be seen Major Cole, Lieut. Hugh Thompson and Major Ashburn.



DEATHS IN #48

Death catching up with #48.

Eddie Gurry . . . a victim of influenza . . . the first of our boys to go . . . special services . . . funeral attended by the Unit in a body . . . flowers . . . Taps.

Later, Nurses Breen, Weiman and Worth . . . beloved, honored, respected.

And finally, Harold Riggs . . . suddenly, after a three-day holiday in Vichy, on the eve of our departure from Mars.

Good-bye to youth, love and dreams.

Commemorating Riggs' passing with a poem, written Easter morning by one of his Vichy companions:

H. A. R.

*As in a dream I see the Angel make his quest
Of him who'd tasted life and found it sweet;
Unsought, yet wary, stern and grim, in morning's heat
She stoops, and beck'ning, leads the way into the west.
I stand and vainly yearn to know the journey's end,
But darkness seizes day and changes all to bitter night.
Yet hold! The message of all time still flashes true and bright,
The promise of the Christ, the Master Friend.
Oh friend and comrade of my later days,
So full of zest and joy in service of the noble and the right,
Thy race is o'er, the curtain drawn that shuts thee from our gaze.
The circle feels the gap made open by thy flight,
And oft reflects in silence deep of joys that are no more,
To clothe in deeper meaning those wondrous hours of yore.*

MAJOR GRANT'S OPERATING TEAM

Operating Team #145, Major Grant's operating team . . . the only one to go to the Front from #48. Unusual and dramatic experiences . . . and worth recording here. From notes written at the time:

"We were but six miles behind the fighting lines of the St. Mihiel sector and we were soon aware of the fact, by the frequent sound of the anti-aircraft guns shooting at enemy airplanes. During the day observation balloons were always seen over the top of the next hill.

"Our rest was disturbed nights by the constant movement of army trucks. Night after night there was this constant rumble of army supply trains. During a trip to Toul we passed miles of ammunition dumps. The sheds were full and shells of all kinds and sizes were stacked up in piles. The preparation for this offensive was very complete.



The Registrar's Office—Lieut. James Honan, Lillian Bulger, H. Riggs, Russell, Rosse and R. Johnston. Recorded the admission of 4,822 cases, of which 2,960 were surgical and 1,862 medical. The deaths numbered 85. In August alone 1,828 cases were admitted.

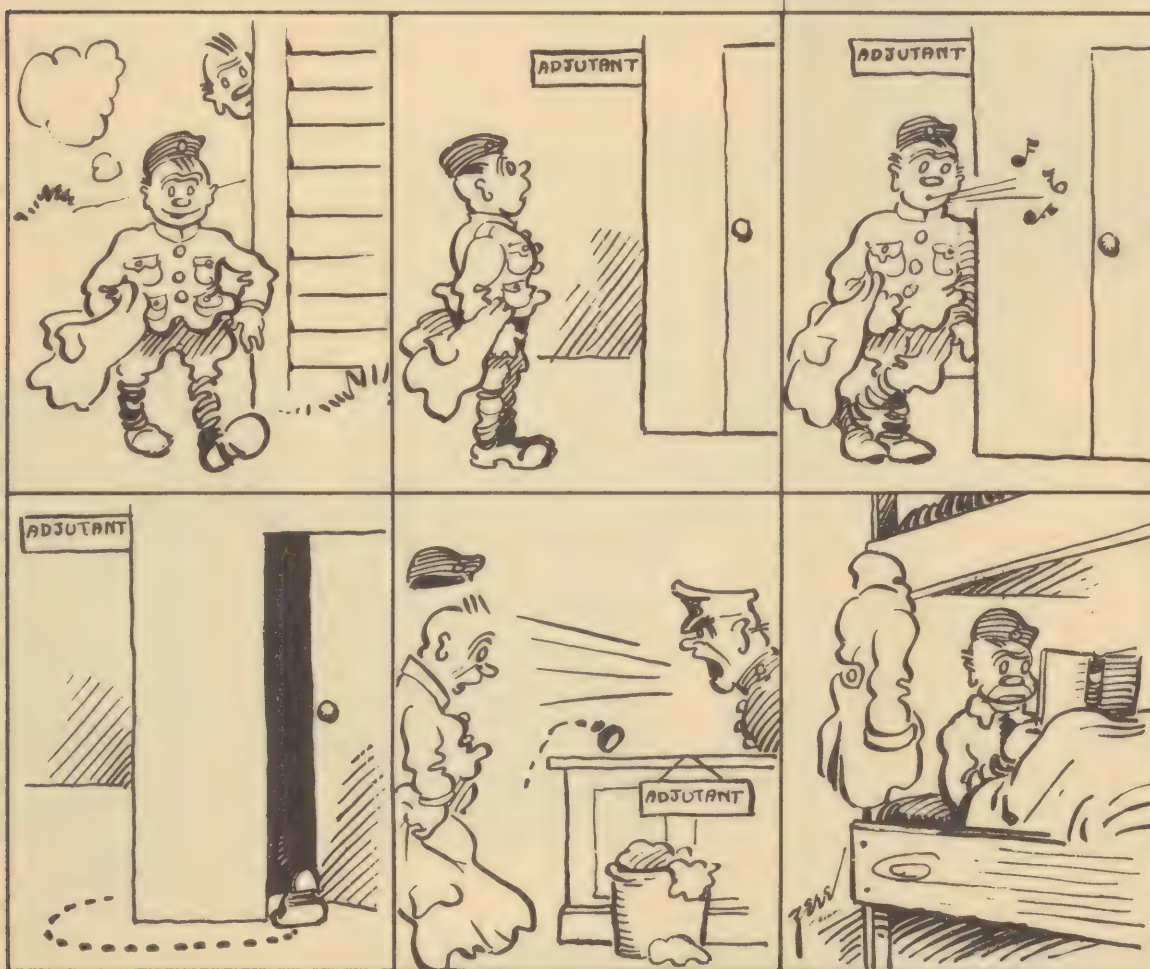
Lieut. Col. W. H. Herbert, Commanding Officer of #48.

Receiving Ward—Lieut. Saul, Darragh, Miss Lucille Wade, Bammon and A. Johnston. This group had charge of assigning all incoming patients to the proper wards for treatment.



"September 12th, 1918, the show started. At 1.00 A.M. it cracked with a continuous rumble of artillery, a constant roar of the lighter, punctuated by the loud staccato of the larger pieces. At 2.15 A.M. we went out and watched the brilliant illumination. It was almost a continuous flash, one blending into the other.

MOVIE OF A PRIVATE GETTING A PASS ON HIS HALF DAY OFF



Cartoon by ABLITZER.

"At 5.00 A.M. the boys went over the top and at 10.45 the first wounded arrived. St. Mihiel and Mont Sec were already taken and the Germans were retiring rapidly.

"September 25th, 1918, we received orders to report to the Commanding Officer of Evacuation Hospital #10 for duty. We found it was near the village of Froidos near the Argonne Forest. We arrived there the evening of September 26th and at 5.30 the next morning a severe artillery duel began—the beginning of the Argonne-Meuse offensive.

"For days we did nothing but work, eat and sleep. The wounded came in by the hundreds. At times we had to stop the admission of new cases because of the congestion.

"We worked in eight and, later, twelve hour shifts. We considered ourselves very fortunate in being placed on the non-evacuable side of the hospital where only the most severe



The Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Clinic—Capt. Hetrick in charge, assisted by Nurse McElroy. The other three in this picture Roy Burlew, John Hoffman, and Wilfred Gelinas, were patients of the Clinic pressed into service by Capt. Hetrick. This Department treated 574 cases, on an average of 45 per day. Eight major operations were performed by Capt. Hetrick.



The Shop. The Construction Division of the Q.M. Dept. took care of all maintenance work. Hubbard, Whitehead, Mackeown, Hartson, Nieheiser, Ryan, W. Jones, Wesley Harris and Williams were at one time or another attached to this Division.



A group of #48 officers in front of the first American engine to draw a train into the Center—Lieut. Col. Herbert, C.O., and Captains Hetrick, Randall, Stephenson, Leighton, Davies and Johns.

cases were sent. This included head, chest, abdomen and severe compound fracture wounds of the extremities. In round numbers, 10,000 patients passed thru this hospital. Of these 6400 had major injuries and 3600 minor injuries."

CAMP ACTIVITIES

THE MARTIAN, camp newspaper . . . supervised by Lieutenant Colonel Dearborn . . . superbly edited . . . good reporting . . . sensitively written poems . . . an abundance of timely cartoons . . . and dominated by men of #48—Ruhfel, Ablitzer, Mac O'Brien, Sisti, Lawson, Taylor and others.



The strange experience of Supple, Wilcox and "Friend." DRAWING BY SUPPLE.

Sam Russell's show, THE RED LAMP . . . ably directed . . . skilfully played by officers and ladies of the Unit.

Jack Broderick's mistake of walking off-stage with the matches . . . then, when Miss Bulger, playing the part of a wrinkled old spinster aunt of sixty-five, was supposed to take the matches from the table and light the lamp, throwing the box to her from the wings . . . and Miss Bulger making the catch unerringly . . . loud cheers from the audience.

Lieut. Fröhlich, going through his part as Bill Worth, but excusing himself from the party after the show . . . revealing later that he had received word that day of the death of his mother in the States.

Capt. Molony's Dressing Station—Henry Perry and Arthur Pariser. Patients discharged from the Wards, but not yet ready for the Convalescent Camp, were assigned to Tents, where their dressings were changed frequently by the Tent Master and his staff. The Dressing Station averaged 100 patients a day. The Station was originally opened in August by Lieut. Chase with Brooks doing the dressings.



Adjutant's Office—Capt. Calvert, Millard, Foley, Philipp, Mauger and Beck.

Non commissioned officers of #48, January 1919.



The founding of the Masonic Society of Mars-sur-Allier in August of 1918 . . . weekly meetings throughout the existence of the Camp . . . 39 members from #48, officers and men.

Hilarious nights at the "Lion d'Or" at St. Parize . . . always full of soldiers . . . drinking, eating . . . the omnivorous appetites, demanding *douzaine d'oeufs* . . . the room, dim lighted, enveloped in smoke . . . earthy, masculine smells. Everybody shouting, gesticulating, in a sort of frenzy . . . the frightful din . . . a bedlam of bawdy songs and maudlin tales . . . the gaiety of men made silly by much cognac . . . "*Encore, Madame, s'il vous plait.*" Then, at the end of the evening, *l'addition* and the wild, adventurous, but musical, jaunt back to camp in the dark.

The Camp Band . . . with Fiorella, Carnevale, Williamson and Helm.

The touring players of the A. E. F. . . . playing "A Buck on Leave" to capacity crowds . . . a rollicking show with a great appeal to the enlisted man.

The Red Cross Hut . . . a favorite spot with everybody.

The mad, bad mock trial in the barracks . . . Lou Fowler versus Ben Schaeffer . . . Minnie Schraeder the victim of wayward youth and "her lover," Sacco, up on charges . . . a unanimous verdict for virtue.

Marvelous meals in low one-story French farmhouses . . . stone floors . . . faggots . . . an enormous fireplace, where the entire meal was prepared. One memorable party held in Moiry . . . typical of thousands throughout the A. E. F. . . . American soldiers and American nurses . . . recorded in a diary:

"Three of us left camp at 7.30 well supplied with Army bread and American sugar. The ladies made their appearance at 8 P.M. after a hazardous hike through the rough, muddy lane across the fields, and the evasion of the ever-present M. P.'s. In the meantime we had made ourselves at home. The table was set and everything in readiness, so we proceeded immediately to the main business of the evening. And, in case anyone is interested, here is the menu:

Soup (delicious, but for the life of me couldn't make out what was in it)
Steak, smothered with mushrooms.
Lettuce salad
Mashed potatoes with sauce
Roast chicken
Creamed peas
"Vin rouge"
Coffee, milk
Cream cheese
Fruit

Arrived back at camp 10 P.M."



Miles Jones, Chris Winkler, Hartson, Charles Winkler.



Lieut. "Al" Nixon on his way to the train for the trip to Savenay. In the doorway, Nurse Sarah McArthur. Carrying the litter are Harmount, Shapiro, Kronmiller and Fiorillo.



Detachment out for a hike, along the back roads of Mars. This was part of the program after the War ended to "keep the boys busy."

The agony quartets in every part of the barracks, wailing nightly their entire repertoire . . . "Sweet Adeline" of course first and foremost . . . "Mademoiselle from Armentières. Parlez-vous," with literally dozens of original verses, mostly unprintable . . . also the long-drawn-out "Do you want to know where the General is?" . . . and lesser ones like "Oh, Frenchy," "Ooh, la-la, Oui, Oui," "How ya gonna keep 'em down on the Farm after they've seen Paree," and "I don't want to get well, I'm in love with a Beautiful Nurse."

HER BOY



Cartoon by ABLITZER.

A typical A. E. F. entertainment . . . recorded in a diary:

"Had our first entertainment at the expense of the company fund. The entertainment held in the Receiving Ward started at 7.30, and upon entering the hall we were handed four packages of Lucky Strikes, three cigars and a bar of chocolate. Several songs rendered by the nurses were well received. Sacco sang several of his songs, assisted by Sisti. Then O'Leary gave us a clog dance, a violin solo was played by a patient, and then a lad from #62 put on a vaudeville act and several sleight of hand tricks. The program ended with two boxing matches. Coffee, cake with chocolate icing, and lettuce sandwiches were served."

PERSONALS

Jimmy Pierce and Doc Morrow A. W. O. L. in Paris . . . Jimmy eluding the M. P.'s . . . Doc's incarceration in Clignancourt Barracks and unforgotten days under "Hard-boiled Smith's" whip . . . and his final escape and reunion with #48.



"Les Soldats Américains" mingling with the local landed gentry in the driveway of the "Chateau." Williams, Woodward and McLoughlin.



Grave of Harold Riggs in the Mars Cemetery.

The luxury of beds after the detachment moved into the Wards. All patients had been evacuated.



Ebbie Falkner whistling the fire call, when he couldn't find the bugler, on the occasion of the fire in the nurses' quarters!

The angry roars of the seven bucks detailed to pick flowers in neighboring fields to decorate the dance hall for the big party . . . and this diary entry tells a sad tale:



Trying to pass off a "Good Conduct Card" in an "Off Limits" Town!

DRAWING BY SUPPLE.

"There are times, many times, when you curse your luck. Last night was one of them. The nurses and officers had a dance in the receiving ward, and, according to Regulations, the enlisted man is persona non grata. The higher authorities in their divine wisdom have so ordained, and there is nothing to be done about it—publicly. But you can't keep a guy from looking in at the festivities. I looked and I wish I hadn't. There was my favorite nurse, that sweet bit of femininity, dancing around in the arms of a convalescent infantry captain. I felt sad, depressed, almost sick. That was enough for me for one evening. I tried a smile, but that didn't go so well. Instead, I let out a beautiful string of cuss words in my best A. E. F. manner. And then back to my lower bunk and my sputtering candle. Quelle salade!"

The seeming preoccupation of everyone—officers, nurses and men—in food, drink and other elemental things.

Earl Wood's hideout . . . a nightly rendezvous by invitation only . . . cocoa, canned peaches, apricots, and even the lowly prune.



The Guards:—Brown, W. Harris, Campbell, Borgstede, Morrow, O'Donoghue, Tunney, Frisbie, Scala, Barrett, Lenhardt, Wilkinson and Drake.



A group from Ward #10 (Officers' Ward)—Nurses Mollie Pifer and Eva Fawcett, also Demarest, Harmount and Matheson.



Picture taken Nov. 10, 1918.

Kneeling—Lawson, Sherman, Hughes, W. Jones, Murray, Fowler. Standing—Millard, Riedel, Upham, Stetson, Pringle, Bammon, Dick Stephens, Felton, Craig and Lenhardt.

Fred Bailey's "riding" . . . he always got his man.

Sig Stiefvater spending most of his francs on American cigars kept in stock by Mort Evans for affluent "shavetails" . . . the "Three Musketeers"—Bob Christie, Doc Morrow, and Mac O'Brien . . . George Haas' nightly prowling . . . Fensterer—"Feu-Feugo"—always worrying about his fire buckets.

Bill Falk watching over the youngsters, making sure that his young'uns didn't stray too far from the reservation . . . Tom Broderick's being initiated into the intricacies of the collection business—claiming it was easy except when trying to extract mess money from officer patients who hadn't been paid for months . . . Gerald Finn, the most efficient "garcon" in the A. E. F.—the envy and despair of all his mates.

Jones Wilder—mystifying the gang by maintaining that he liked night duty in the wards . . . Sam Bass, who early in his army career showed a distinct gift for gambling, kidding and establishing eternal friendships with the ladies . . . George Mindheim, whose kind and sympathetic countenance caused him to be selected constantly as pallbearer at funerals.

Walter Bammon, master exponent of the virtue of silence . . . McCue, who for months thought he was still a member of the American Red Cross . . . Harold Brown's masterly use of profanity, approaching at times the high level of poetry—of an earthy, Elizabethan variety.

The wild Thanksgiving Day dinner in Nevers, staged by the non-coms . . . Jim Lowery drinking a toast in champagne from a lady's slipper . . . driving back to town in an ox-cart hauled by a gassed horse . . . the gang well lubricated . . . Ed Phillips on bottom of the human pile, and logwood piled on Hopper. Back in barracks, Hopper doing a Godiva act and surprised by the O. D. . . . and the final scene, Hopper and the O. D. solemnly shaking hands in an affectionate good-night!

Ralph Ledwell making an intensive study of how to go A. W. O. L. and not suffer punishment—trying out his theories by way of an extended vacation—and discovering to his sorrow that the authorities were three jumps ahead of him!

The nightly appearance at 10 o'clock of Lieut. Bretzfelder and his lantern . . . plowing through the mud in his boots . . . to see if all was well with his boys in Ward #20.

The universal affection for Capt. Randall . . . expressed frequently by his patients, and by the men of the Unit.

The classic comment of Nick Gianatiempo, barber extraordinary, after listening to a wordy discussion in the barracks and skeptical of the orator's inside information—"Whata hea knowa? Hea reada sama paper wea doa!"

Stealing into the Registrar's office at night . . . and by the light of an oil lamp watching Bob Johnston perform hypnotic tricks . . . and scared to death for fear he might pick you out for the next victim!



Chefs and K. P.'s of the Officers Mess—including Frank Wood, Doeberl, Dowling, Bartozzi. The unnamed two were not members of the Unit.

Commissioned Officers of the Unit—January 1919.



The sad romantic tale of Mullins and his courtship of the sweet young thing from St. Parize . . . his nightly walks, bringing white bread to the old folks and sweet messages to Félice . . . and in return getting lovely, gracious smiles—but never a word—from Mademoiselle . . . and finally, some four months later, a kind friend telling the astonished Mullins that the girl was deaf and dumb!



Capt. Hetrick, as Officer of the Day, makes an inspection of the Guards' Quarters. DRAWING BY SUPPLE.

The queer names of patients—Tony Holy, Please Seal, Guard Mount, Pink McNut, and Jesus Jimini . . . and in the officers' ward Lieut. Champagne and Lieut. Sherry occupying adjoining beds! . . . Not to forget Jesus, the big Mexican, and Angel his buddy in Ward #5 . . . the latter's idea of humour being to yell "Nurse—Jesus wants a bedpan."

Dunbar, Bigelow, Pughe and Stetson receiving mingled congratulations and condolences on being transferred to the American Red Cross in Paris . . .

The raucous "Comme ça, you ——" of O'Leary after a bucolic evening in St. Parize.

"Messkit" Neustein, known far and wide for a number of reasons, but to many chiefly for his bartering talents . . . Wangling a German sword from an infantryman for a trifling sum said to be five francs and selling it to one of our high ranking officers for 100 francs.

The commissioning of Brian Clark, Sim Diefenbach, and Tom Fletcher as lieutenants in the Sanitary Corps . . . and the near-commissioning of Regin, MacLean, Lowery, Taylor, Herrick, Schuman, Perry, and Whitehead, recalled from Officers' Training Schools after the signing of the Armistice.

Staff of the "Martian," camp newspaper, which reached a circulation of 5,000 copies per week. Our crowd took a leading part in the work, having at one time or another the following identified with it:—Lieut. Col. Dearborn, Officer in Charge; Ruhfel, Associate Editor; Ablitzer, Cartoonist; "Mac" O'Brien, Press Supervisor; Lawson, Sisti, and Harold Taylor.



The Motor Transport Service helps out the Engineers. "Chet" Owen, in charge of the Center Water Supply and Pumping Station, on an inspection trip with "casual engineers," Conrad and Buddle.



Three of our legal minds—Jimmy Pierce, Lou Fowler and Dan Burke—Syracusans all.

The kindly and devoted care given by Captains Randall and Miller to #48 nurses down with the flu . . . the cases at one time totalling thirty, and all cared for at other hospitals.

HOSPITAL TRAINS

And always rain and mud, mud and rain. Some diary entries:

"Oct. 12. Rained all day. Twenty-seven cars arrived. Most of these patients came from the Champagne Front. They were very badly shot up. Carried stretchers all day in the pouring rain.



Chinese Laborers unloading Freight. DRAWN BY BOB RIGGS.

"Oct. 13. Seven French cars arrived at 11.19 P.M. Had coffee, stayed in Receiving Ward until 1.30 A.M. Then turned into my bunk with clothes on, but was called out at 2.10 to help unload 13 cars of wounded. Got to bed at 3.20 A.M. Up again to unload the train arriving at 7.12 A.M. and continued through most of the day unloading patients.

"Jan. 3. Rained all day. Assembly blew at 2.30 A.M., so we carried patients from 3 A.M. until 7.15 A.M. This was an American train #61. All wounded were Boches. Many were officers and nurses, there being 586 in all."

ARMISTICE

The steady stream of communiques from the Front . . . the eager watching for results of the latest battles . . . cheers when the news was good . . . anxious faces when the American casualties were high.



One of the trucks of the Motor Transport Service. Unloading supplies at Q.M. Dept.—in charge of Lieut. Strahl. Here worked Felton, Burrows, Lowery—and later Lieut. Frohlich, also John Smith, H. Harris, Mindheim, McCue, Dixon, Bass and Lefton. During the period the Q.M. functioned 20,000 patients were outfitted with breeches, blouses, O.D. shirts, Overseas caps, leggings, shoes, underwear, overcoats, slickers and toilet sets.



A Sunday afternoon custom—hiring a French cart and donkey with which to “go to town.”

The #48 football team—Willis, Supple, Armstrong, Santen, Riedel, Bailey, Fletcher, Pariser, O'Donoghue, Wilcox, Lieut. Bretzfelder, W. Jones, M. Jones, Pringle, Barrett, Campbell, Webster, Harris, Wilkinson, Ted Stephens, Defibaugh, Lenhardt, Morris, Lieut. Wilson and English. Three close games were played, with the Convalescent Camp taking two, and #48 one.



The false Armistice news . . . immediate necessity for celebrating . . . bottles of cognac emerging from hiding places . . . barracks in wild uproar . . . pandemonium . . . everybody, or most everybody, "lit" . . . rough-house lasting all night, even the O. D. and guards unable to restore order.

The real Armistice . . . an emotional orgy . . . "*finis la guerre*." Each person expressing his joy and relief in his own way . . . some quiet, others noisy . . . some sensible, others wild . . . general celebration.



"Finis la Guerre!"—Armistice Night Celebration—as seen by BOB RIGGS.

A diary entry for Nov. 11th:

"Well, it's all over. The war officially ended at eleven this morning on the signing of the Armistice. Millions of soldiers on both sides of the conflict can now heave a sigh of relief—and exult in the prospect of returning home alive. With all the rejoicing, I can't forget the thousands of men who died in the closing hours of the war. What a tragic waste! And for many more thousands the war is not over, those who are minus a leg or an arm, the soldiers badly gassed, and the many scarred from wounds. For them the war is on for life; for them there is no armistice.

"The barracks is already a shambles. The boys are returning from Moiry, from St. Parize—in fact from any place which offered the slightest invitation for celebration. Much cognac has been consumed, the noise is deafening, and there won't be any sleep for anyone tonight. The O. D. might as well stay in his quarters, and the guards—well, they aren't anywhere in sight.

"And this is the end of the holy crusade for democracy."



Cast of "The Red Lamp"—Lieut. Frohlich, Lieut. J. Broderick, Capt. Miller, and Misses Katherine Goold, Lillian Bulger and Williamina Chalmers, R.N. Russell, the director of the play, is missing from the picture.

By special permission of Lt. Colonel William D. Herbert,
Commanding, Base Hospital No. 48,
AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES

THE PLAYERS OF FORTY-EIGHT

PRESENT

"The Red Lamp"

A farce in two acts by Hilliard Booth

IN THE  HUT

Hospital Center, Mars-sur-Ailier, France

Friday and Saturday nights

December 13 and 14th, 1918

AT EIGHT O'CLOCK

CAST IN ORDER OF APPEARANCE

Bill Worth.....	Lt. Maurice E. Frohlich
Harold Deering.....	Lt. John B. Broderick
Matilda Deering.....	Lillian A. Bulger, Civilian
Alice Deering.....	Williamina Chalmers, A.N.C.
Annie O'Shane.....	Katharine H. Goold, Civilian
Archie Clarke.....	Captain James D. Miller

Scene : Living-room of the Deerings

Five minutes elapse between Acts I and II

The "Sara Allier" Jazz Band will jazz.

Fortin et Co., Nevers-Paris

One of the memorable "after hours" events of our stay in Mars.

Ed Ruhfel's story of Nevers on Armistice Night . . . appearing in THE MARTIAN of November 7, 1918:

"THE DAY"

Will you ever forget it,—you who were fortunate enough to be in Nevers the night of the Eleventh? Were you one of those who, locked arm in arm with a happy Frenchman, paraded the Rue de Commerce, shouting "*Vive la France!*", finally pushing into a little cafe crowded to the doors with soldiers and civilians pleading with tears in their eyes for a little attention from *Garçon*?

What a night! Any man with a bugle, drum, flag, tin pan or large rosette in his buttonhole immediately became leader of a parade organized on the spot. At the arch the crowd was thickest. You either bought a tricolor from a chic little mademoiselle or you didn't—but in either case you received a cheery "*Merci, m'sieu.*"

When the cart containing the smiling German prisoners made its appearance, driven by a little *poilu* bubbling over with mirth and *vin rouge*, were you one of those who jumped on and stuck a little American flag in their caps? Did you stand on the street corner with three other companions, singing the "*Marseillaise*" in quartet style, making an awful mess of it, but getting enthusiastic support from the audience? Were you invited to *café en famille*, with the man who sells hot chestnuts in front of the news stand, with whom you have a speaking acquaintance?

But, wait! Perhaps you were grabbed by a cognac'd Frenchman and in spite of your struggles given a resounding smack on both cheeks while the crowd roared with laughter? It happened to us and we're not ashamed in the least—only a little sore. This bird had a week's growth on his face.

And then the windup,—reminding the driver of an ambulance bound for where you should be after Taps, that at some time or other you had helped him roll his pack and that this was the time to show his appreciation! Picking out a nice comfortable seat on the tail lamp, you immediately fell asleep, awaking only after you'd reached Topside, which is about a half mile from your barracks. Were you there? We were, and Boy, we wouldn't have missed it for the world!

CHRISTMAS

Christmas . . . and, like small children, preparing weeks ahead for it. The government-controlled Christmas packages from home . . . filled with delicacies only to be found in America . . . arriving early in December in many cases and, with eager assistance from friends, lasting but a day or two. A letter on the subject reproduced here—without editing:

Dear M. . . .

The word has been passed around that the Government will allow each man to receive from home a special Christmas package, containers for which they will furnish to the folks back home through the Post Office Department.

This is grand news and ever since we heard about it we've been racking our brains as to what we would like to receive in this package. Some pretty wild ideas have been circulated

The Laboratory—in charge of Lieut. Zachs. Here also worked Miss Katherine Dougherty, Technician. Capt. Alcott, Moran and Ralph Sieger did the major part of their work in the Central Laboratory. The Laboratory had an important part in the success of the Carrel-Dakin technique of disinfecting wounds. Numerous bacterial counts were necessary during the process of treatment, and this work was done by the Laboratory staff.



Disability Board:—Capt. Davies, Capt. Randall, Schuman, Miss Wade, Capt. Stephenson.



After hours in the Non-Com. Quarters—Taylor, Riedel, Clarke, Lowery, Upham, Foley, Hopper, Millard, Pringle, Philipp and Herrick.

around the barracks. So I may as well join the chorus and tell you what I want, hoping at the same time that you will exercise your usual good judgment and include anything else which you think I might like to have.

ALL MINE !



Cartoon by ABLITZER.

First of all, I think I would like a Ford car. It gets pretty tiresome on the dogs plowing through the mud and rain, and besides it would save me many francs which now go to the hire of the donkey and cart for our Sunday rides. I also would have better luck in making dates. As you can imagine, the competition is hellish, and a chap has to have more than a

desire for intellectual companionship in order to get by. A car would really put me in the running.

For a long time I have wanted to express myself about the sleeping accommodations provided for us here. Very little imagination on the part of the War Department has been used. Wooden double-deckers with bunks for four, and using homemade straw mattresses, may be adequate in theory, but in practice they have nothing in common even with the facilities of a third-rate southwestern Texas hotel. If it is not too much trouble, would you mind getting me one of those marvelous mattresses so fascinatingly described in the advertisements?

By the way, I think it would be an act of simple justice if you would remove the advertising pages of all magazines you send me. It takes a stout soul to read even the headlines without intense suffering. The last one I saw capped them all—"Spend your Winters in Glamorous Bermuda"!

But back to the mattress—if you know what I mean. If I had such a mattress I think I would spend more time in my bunk. Now I am there only when the regulations insist on it. Moreover it would make me a happier and more contented boy, for now I wake up every morning with a back-ache. You can't do a good job of stretcher-carrying with a weak back. So do your best about this—it really is important.

Just one more thing, and then I'm finished with my suggestions. If it can be arranged, I would like awfully to have you send me a side of beef—from American or Canadian steer. This may sound queer, but I can assure you that I have not had a beef steak since coming to France. What I have eaten is Prime Ribs of Horse, or the steak equivalent. These French cooks can do wonders with a tough carcass of horse—but there is a limit to what even a hard-boiled medic can kid himself about. Of course there is real danger involved in receiving such a present. There is apt to be a major riot in this area—and then what good will come of all my hopes and dreams. However, I am willing to risk that. Just imagine the delights that are possible with a menu including the following:

Prime Ribs of Beef au jus
Sizzling Steak—porterhouse cut
Broiled Steak à la Sirloin
Minute Steak—any old cut
Baked Short Ribs
Salisbury Steak
Hamburger Steak
Browned Roast Beef Hash

For various reasons, none of which I care to go into just now, stew will be omitted. Consult with Messrs. Swift, Armour, Wilson et al. regarding the best means of transportation.

And, for goodness sake, send the shipment Registered and the label "Not to be opened before Christmas" pasted in a very conspicuous place! Many thanks in advance!!

Devotedly yours,

.....

P.S. If you have any particular trouble in getting any of these suggestions within the space allotted me—come to think of it, I believe it is 9" by 10" by 3"—you might send me instead a piece of raisin cake, some walnuts, a pack of cards, a Dunhill pipe, a box of Hoyez

de Monterey cigars, a can of tobacco (from that Boston firm your father patronizes), and a pair of dice. If there is any room left, fill crevices with chocolates!

LAST DAYS AT MARS

The inevitable let-down after the Armistice . . . fewer patients . . . many evacuations . . . the rumor mongers on the job again. Parties, parties and still more parties . . . one particularly notable one given for #48 by Lieutenant Colonel Dearborn at the Convalescent Camp . . . and another party, a farewell to #48 nurses. Intensive holidaying for everybody—some to Vichy, others to Moulins, Roanne and Paris.



Mess Line. DRAWN BY BOB RIGGS.

The disagreeable but necessary resumption of drills, hikes and exercises . . . marking time waiting for moving orders.

Evacuation Hospital #37 arriving on January 10th and taking over #48 on the 14th.

Leaving Mars, February 14th, 1919.



The Nurse Corps, Base Hospital #48 was mobilized in New York City on July 15, 1918, after several weeks of preparatory duty. Individual nurses of the Unit saw service at Camp Lee, Walter Reed General Hospital, Camp Wadsworth, Ellis Island, Army Hospital, Camp Upton, Camp Devens, Camp Meade, Camp Dix and General Hospital #1 at Williamsbridge, N. Y., General Hospital #2 at Fort McHenry, Md., General Hospital #9 at Lakewood, N. J., and the General Hospital at Fort Sam Houston, Texas. Of the 21,896 women who saw service in the War, 21,480 were nurses; the balance were civilian field clerks. With the A.E.F. there were 10,061 nurses, of whom 2,662 saw front line service with mobile operating teams.

VIII. The Nurses of 48

PREPARATIONS IN NEW YORK

THOSE hectic weeks of preparation in New York . . . drilling in the Armory and feeling awfully hot . . . the singing exercises . . . the long, tedious fittings of uniforms.

Attending the reception to the Surgeon General, William C. Gorgas, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Nixon . . . the inspiring ceremonies connected with the flag dedication at St. Paul's Chapel on August 5th, and the general confusion at the taking of the group picture in front of the church.

The multitudinous last details pertaining to insurance, allotments and wills . . . feeling like some hunted person—what with finger-printing and much taking of pictures . . . the final farewells to family and friends.

ABOARD THE "R. M. S. OLYMPIC"

The big moment, mounting the gangplank of the "R. M. S. Olympic" on August 8th.

The long, pleasant, sunny days on shipboard—as pictured in the following poem, found in one nurse's diary (author unknown):

TRANSPORT DAYS

*Old transport days, no, I'll never forget them,
Days when life seemed too good to be true.
Blue afternoons, will I ever forget them?
Watching the combers slide by in review,
Sunshine and laughter, and long, lazy napping
Curled on the deck while the planking was hot,
Bow-wash for lullaby soothingly slapping,
World and its worriments all gone to pot.
We had the wonders of ocean at dawning,
Ours were the glories of sunsets astern;
Tang of the spray on the lips in the morning,
Nights black as jet, where the star candles burn.
Pals to be proud of made better the jesting,
Comrades of voyage and partners in chance—
Those were the days of a golden glad questing,
Old transport days—on the sea—road to France.*



The Nurses in Parade at Fort McHenry. From this group came a number of #48 Nurses.

"SS. Olympic"—aboard which the entire corps of Nurses sailed on August 8th, 1918.



The ever-present life preservers . . . "Poor Butterfly" . . . the memorable occasion of the abruptly ended boat drill . . . Miss Bengston, Chief Nurse, shoing the girls away before the order for dismissal was given—because some of the boys of the 349th Infantry, clad only in life preservers, were bathing in the swimming pool, and she wanted to spare sweet young eyes such a distressing spectacle . . . later, writing up the incident in a special song and



An idle Hour on the "SS. Aquitania," July 5th, 1918. DRAWN BY BOB RIGGS.

singing it to the boys at the proper time . . . and the scolding the girls got for their brazen and unladylike behavior!

The queer English "shower-bath," discovered by two nurses in what was formerly the men's lavatory . . . their wonder at the slow and inadequate flow of water! . . . Nightfall on board—when decks were cleared . . . groping down the dark stairs, hands on the shoulders of the girl in front, singing "The Long, Long Trail."

One girl's story of the trip—in a letter written home:

"This is the end of a perfect day'—my first one on the ship since we sailed early in the morning, and it has been all so new to me. The first thrilling moment was when we began very slowly to leave the dock—almost before we knew it we were steaming proudly down the Sound. Numerous tugboats and ferries waved us good-bye and it was all most exciting and an experience to be remembered always. I climbed up a ladder on the smokestack and stayed there to see the last of old Mother Liberty and the skyline of N. Y., but even at that moment I was wildly anxious to go and most happy to be actually on the way. There is

so much to say I hardly know where to start. We came on board early yesterday A.M. and last night was simply stifling, but today has been wonderfully cool since we started. I was up and on deck very early—long before breakfast, which is at 7.30, and with my appetite very much in evidence. There are of course many, many troops on board—very few unmilitary passengers. The sunrise was beautiful and the ocean so calm even a dyspeptic would be ashamed to be seasick.

Almost immediately after sailing there was a bugle call for boat drill and I can plainly see that bugle calls are to mean a great deal in my young life. When a certain call comes we are supposed to rush madly from all distant parts of the ship (and some of them are very distant and I am always in one of them), gather in our respective places, armed, of course, with our life preservers. The latter named article is always with us—on the bed by our side as we sleep and hanging on our chairs as we eat—all other times hanging around our necks. The waiter holds it for you as you leave the table in much the same manner that he would your coat. I found it hung less heavy on my arm than on my chest, but the order went around that we were to WEAR them, so I have suffered since in silence. You should see us when we dance with them on (which we do twice and sometimes three times daily on deck)—I can assure you that the regulation six-inch distance is rigidly kept. And when we are lined up ready for the lifeboats we look like a wholesale ad for Life-buoy soap, and alas for the dignity of our officers—with a hump on their back and two on their front they are not awe-inspiring sights, and we are in hysteria most of the time. It is very difficult to think of any danger in connection with such a scene, which perhaps is just as well. Certainly Uncle Sam is taking no chances on the lives of those going over. Did I tell you that we have numerous drills—every time they can think of nothing else they spring one on us and we rush madly from one spot to another trying to find our places—and you know my bump of direction was always a dent. I never fail to take the full four minutes to get there, and once I'm quite sure I went down with the ship!

Said boat drills come without any warning. Once several of the nurses showed up minus various articles of clothing, such as stockings, collars, etc., which of course amused the men—but the next day we had it on them, for drill came at their bath hour and about 100 of them had to appear with exactly one towel on, literally nothing more.

.

One day has been much the same as the other—we are on a large, fast boat and in more ways than one I think I have been especially fortunate in being with this unit, as well as in being lucky enough to travel in the comfortable manner we have. Of course the end had to come—the last couple of days on board were probably the most exciting as well as the most interesting, and we found that even in the short time together we had made some good friendships and really dreaded breaking up, which we knew was inevitable. Each night at dusk the order would come 'all on deck,' and we were all shut up inside and stole slowly down the dark stairs and corridors, falling over many of the boys stationed at various places, to the salon, where we danced and played cards until 10.30, when we went to bed. The last night we were allowed on deck for a short time, and our pulses went a bit faster—ploughing through the dark and suddenly realizing what it all might mean. It was a thrill to get up in the morning and find two sturdy little English destroyers, one on each side of us, and a large airship overhead.

EN ROUTE

We landed at a port in England (Southampton) and that afternoon were sent out in two small hospital boats (the 'St. David' and the 'St. Patrick')—50 women to a boat—and parked until about 10 o'clock at night, when they rushed us across the Channel, and I want to tell you it is everything they claim it to be. We had to wear our life preservers and were told not to go to bed—it was so close inside most of us stayed on deck. I brought up some blankets and thought I was very smart to make a bed for myself near the front of the



Spanish Laborers on Construction Work. DRAWN BY BOB RIGGS.

boat, which I found later was a most unpropitious location. It was extremely rough—about every third wave washed my face—but the deck was wet and slippery and I didn't fancy walking about on it so stayed put and ducked under the blanket when the waves came up to greet me. About 4 A.M. one of the sailors brought up a mug of the worst tea I ever tasted, but I drank a lot of it. It was a sort of loving cup and tasted mighty good to us all, after our night on deck. It was a weird journey—all in the dark—no one to be seen—I might have been alone on the boat except for the cussing of the men in the engine room over which I had apparently planted myself.

We landed in a port in France (Le Havre), where we stayed overnight and started the next day for Paris, where we arrived about 10 at night and were taken to our hotel, through the darkened streets, in Red Cross ambulances. The drivers were all American boys and knew we would like to see something of the place, so chose roundabout routes, and we saw, rather dimly, many interesting places which heretofore had been simply names to me. Of course



Three of our Nurses in training at Camp Dix—the Misses Spohr, Keating, and Foley.



Near Monsieur Robert's "Chateau"—Daniel, Helm, the Misses Silas, Dwyer and Ferguson.



In New York—Nurses Steinberg, Sweet and McCarthy.



Picturesque approach to the "Old Chateau"—a much visited spot by many #48 men.

everything was shut up tight as a drum and what lights there were were very dim. Beautiful Paris—in such a condition! . . .”

A night of relaxation and rest at the Hotel Regina in Paris . . . Elsie Janis' show . . . the Misses Pifer and Enriken almost guilty of A. W. O. L.

The seemingly endless train ride from Paris to Nevers . . . Anne Driscoll's song, "Forty-seven blue bottles hanging on the wall" . . . making the best of the "magnificent" train fare—canned salmon, beans and Uneeda Biscuits . . . the flapping line of clothes passed and repassed while someone was trying to decide whether or not the train should go from Nevers to Mars.

The rough, hard trip in Army trucks from the station to the hospital . . . great relief on reaching the camp . . . the life-saving bowls of hot coffee . . . and the wrath of the girls at having to sing the Unit Song almost before piling out of the trucks—just to show the corps what a peppy bunch they were.

UNIT SONG

(Nurses of Base Hospital #48)

Tune: "Plattsburg Marching Song"

I.

*Oh—they put us in the army, and we number quite a few.
They took away our nice new clothes and dolled us up in blue.
They marched us twenty miles a day to fit us for the war.
We didn't mind the drilling—but the tailor made us sore.*

Chorus:

*Oh, we're Unit Forty-Eight, and old Kaiser Bill we hate,
So we're sailing 'cross the briny,
A Red Cross band—in France we'll take our stand
To do our bit however great or tiny;
And we'll not give way 'til the Hun's at bay,
For we back our boys to win.
We'll nurse the wounded,
Tho by shot and shell surrounded
'Til the Boche gives in!*

II.

*And soon they'll send us over and they'll put us in our base,
And we'll nurse each Yankee soldier with an ever-smiling face,
And some day we'll come sailing 'cross the ocean back toward home,
And then, you bet, we'll ne'er forget that we have ever sung:*

Chorus.

FIRST DAYS IN MARS

The excitement of the early days in the hospital—as told in another letter, dated August 21st, 1918:

“I started this letter on board ship, but it was in such condition from being carried around, etc., that I have copied it now that I am in . . ., my base, and have opportunity to use a typewriter. I cannot tell you the name of the place where we are, but it is in a wonderfully



A CORNER IN THE KITCHEN
11/11/18 MARS-100-ALLIED

A Corner in the Kitchen. DRAWN BY BOB RIGGS.

beautiful part of the country, quite far from the firing line, but near enough to get cases direct from the front, and the work is to be intensely interesting I can see. There is so much to be done and so few people to do it—comparatively speaking, that is. At home we think we are busy, but if you could be here and see the need for helpers it would make your heart ache; many of our boys are suffering, actually suffering, for lack of nurses.

Before we arrived hospital trains had already been here and the enlisted men have been helping take care of the wounded. When the trains arrive here, sometimes the boys' wounds have not been touched in two days. Our nurses were put on duty almost immediately, and there was crying need for them. . . .

We are being well looked after in every way—good food and plenty of it, and I am always hungry. I fairly gorge myself at meals, and can't seem to eat enough to last me to the next time. The chocolate I have with me has tasted mighty good—you never see a piece over

here. In fact you can scarcely buy anything. A peach will cost about sixty cents—glad I don't like peaches!

I have been here but a short time and can tell you little about the Center as yet. It is arranged on enormous lines and is really only just started, but fortunately our quarters are completed and we are quite comfortable. I have a room with K. . . ., which is much better than being in a dormitory with many others. Eventually we shall have a great number of people here, counting workers and patients.



A LITTER SQUAD,
9/24/18
MANS-UP-BOARD

A Litter Squad. DRAWN BY BOB RIGGS.

If I have been in any danger I'm afraid I didn't appreciate it—and I have had some wonderful times. To be right here, tho, and know of the awful suffering and even see some of it, doesn't make you feel like having wonderful times. But we shall have to get used to it, and many diversions are planned, which are necessary if we are to keep up our spirits. We all realize it fully and intend to do everything we can to keep ourselves well and happy so that we can be of real service. We are in a center of several small towns and shall be able to go to some of them and get things if needed. We also can get things from our quartermaster here and from the Red Cross."

SETTLING DOWN

The wooden barracks . . . the makeshift furniture . . . the major operation required to



The Operating Team that went to the Front: Major Grant; Capt. Clark; Lieut. Chase; Nurses Himmelberger and Hartzell; Conklin; and Dietz.



Right—#48 Nurses leaving Walter Reed Hospital for Mobilization. In this group are Nurses Chadwick, Shinn, Peloubet, Benham, Warren, Arthur and Chalmers.



Left—a group of patients from the Officers' Ward—with Nurses Mease, Spohr, Peloubet and Street.

take a bath—with much adjusting of towels over the windows . . . the “Dames” . . . the mice that played tag under the cots.

The rubber boots that were always too large . . . the perfectly useless galoshes which absorbed moisture instead of keeping it out . . . the strutting of the girls in their new O. D.’s and spiral leggings.

The early days of the camp . . . no lights . . . poor roads . . . and always mud and rain. Squashing through the rain and the dark, going from dim figure to figure, trying to find the “date” of the evening, and, after locating him, traipsing down the road to the lumber pile to find a dry place to sit and talk.

That never-forgotten story of the nurse, coming back late from a party with an escort, trying to say good-night to him and asking him please to kiss her and let her go . . . and, after an unbearable number of these whisperings, the poor lad in the end bed yelling out, “For God’s sake, kiss her and let her go!”

And this delightful story from the Convalescent Camp:—

Scene: The road from St. Parize which leads through the CC Camps #1 and #2.

Cast of Characters: A CC guard, an officer-patient from Ward #10, and two #48 nurses.

Time: 1.45 A.M.

Guard: Who goes there?

Officer: An officer-patient from Ward #10, B. H. 48, and two members of the Army Nurse Corps.

Guard: Advance officer, to be recognized. Army Nurse Corps, mark time.

The slightly “cuckoo” story of the medical O. D. who was too shy to visit the women’s quarters at night to attend one of the girls ill with pleurisy.

Long hours in the wards . . . with few of the refinements of hospitals at home . . . the endless washing of men just in from the Front or evacuation hospitals . . . grime, cooties . . . and the ever-present wish for oceans of hot water.

The dreariness of the small quarters in the barracks . . . the eternal mud and rain—cold . . . trying to get accustomed to the plain but abundant food.

Rejoicing when men who were considered too sick to live came through and became strong again . . . and depressed when nothing could be done to save a life . . . and always impressed with the bravery and cheerfulness of badly mutilated men—their playfulness and horseplay when convalescing.

The devoted, efficient and unselfish work of the nurses . . . recognized with praise from Headquarters and from scores of grateful patients. A letter from one Class D patient to his nurse—typical:

"Sept. 27, 1918

Dear Ministering Angel—

Just to let you know that I am still at Base 8, although I expect to embark soon for the States. This is a rather nice place as far as luxuries and all that sort of thing go, but it is sadly lacking from a human standpoint. There is not the good fellowship between the patients and the staff and nurses. They are very nice, but they haven't time to get acquainted. The chow here is wonderful. My wounds are almost entirely healed and the arm is less painful. They put an aeroplane splint on me the first day I got here. I think it has really helped the arm. . . .



A FUNERAL
NEARS-SEA-CLIFF
1918

A Funeral. DRAWN BY BOB RIGGS.

Give my kindest regards to Miss Peloubet and all the rest of the girls. I don't know how to thank you for all you have done for me—for the many acts of kindness that you were not obliged to do. May God bless your gentle soul. I hope you don't miss washing my face. Good luck.

Sincerely,

.....
1st Lt. Inf. U. S. Army"

OFF-DUTY MEMORIES

The first dinner out at one of the farmhouses . . . the embarrassment on being ushered into a bedroom to eat—until it was explained that there was no other place . . . and, as time went on, how unimportant it became where or how food was served.

The bugler ragging Reveille . . . ambulance rides to Nevers . . . mud . . . rainy days . . . dinners at Madame Codot's, and little Mathilde singing "Madelon."

The dance at the Officer's Club at Verneuil . . . the exciting trip there and back . . . flat tires . . . being hauled out of mud holes . . . no lights . . . more flats . . . good-natured drivers . . . simple "shavetails" saying unwilling good-nights . . . more flat tires . . . and finally reaching Camp at 4.30 A.M., dog-tired but none the worse for wear.

The stone quarry on moonlight nights . . . the haystack . . . the trysting car . . . and the happy hours walking to places of interest, sometimes with officers, but just as often with buck privates.

The amusing spectacle of Captain — on hands and knees in the middle of the St. Parize road fumbling in the dark, frantically trying to recover his missing pivot tooth . . . while the unsympathetic ladies in his party were almost doubled up with laughter at his unhappy predicament.

THE ARMISTICE

Finally, the Armistice . . . and one girl's reaction, as written on November 16th to her family:

"A week ago tonight I went to the dance about 30 miles from here. It is the largest Motor Reconstruction Co. here in France, I understand. They have a couple of thousand German prisoners of war working there. They keep them enclosed in a place by themselves, well guarded, of course, and surrounded by barbed wire enclosures. We had dinner in the officers' mess, which was very enjoyable, and then we went to their club for the dance. They have rented an enormous chateau belonging to some count whose name I can't spell or say, but it is the most attractive place I have ever been in. Large rooms opening into each other in all sorts of directions; beautiful tapestries and hangings, great mirrors and all kinds of electric fixtures, not to speak of original paintings on the panels of some of the rooms. We danced in three rooms on the ground floor which ran the length of the house, and out through a hall, and such a hall. It is a regular ball-room in itself, but there is no use for me to try to describe the place. We had a wonderful time, and are to have dances there every Saturday night, each time for one of the units here. Last week was 48 night, and tonight is for 68. One of the captains from there was over here Thursday and wanted me to come tonight, but I thought inasmuch as it wasn't our night there was no use to be piggish and I'd wait my turn, so I'm home here writing letters. Sunday afternoon there was another football game at Con Camp and chocolate and cookies afterward in the Colonel's quarters, and tomorrow there is to be another.

But how could I write so much without referring to the end of the war? It is really over. Can you appreciate it? I don't think I do as yet. I'll never forget the day the news came though. It was the eleventh hour, the eleventh day, and the eleventh month. There had been so many rumors that when the communique really came over the wire, saying that the armistice had been signed, it was a great shock. All the places around here went mad; the little towns, rather sad and forlorn that morning, almost in a moment blossomed into regular holiday attire; flags flew from every window, and it was just like a Halloween celebration. Old women and children, French and American soldiers, and French and American



Ruins of "Chateau de Rosemont."

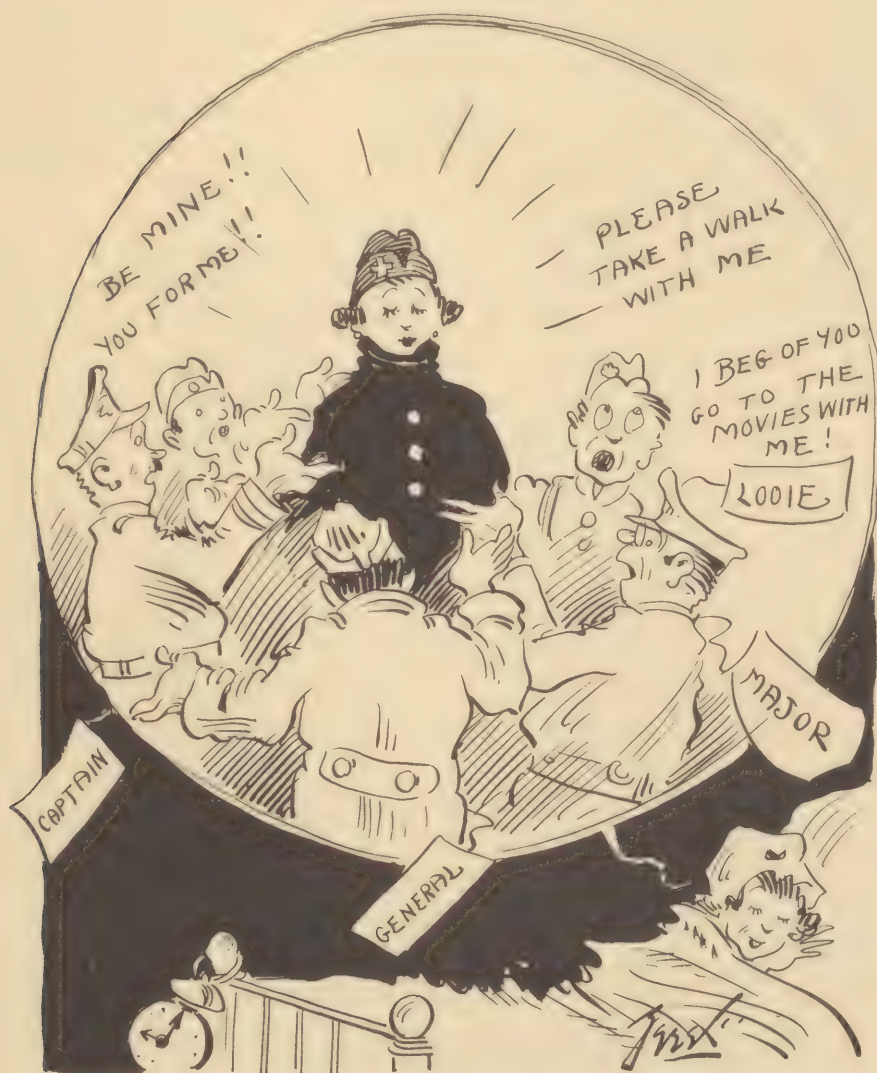


A group of Nurses from Ward #20—Misses Warren, Reid, Benham, Leveque and Jones.

The land on which the Hospital Center was built was the property of Monsieur Robert. This is his "Chateau," located near Mars.



girls, hand in hand, would run around the streets, scarcely knowing what they were doing. Someone climbed up on a large engine which stands on the railroad track here and started the bell going. The center band was loaded on a truck and rushed all around the place, playing 'What the H. . . do we care,' 'Hello Broadway, Goodbye France,' etc. The nurses came



The Army moves into Action. DRAWN BY ABLITZER.

out and danced around huge bonfires, and in the evening the Colonel at Con Camp got out his three thousand men and marched them to a little village nearby where he made a speech, and we had a great time. All I wanted to do was scream and dance around or stand on my head, anything to get rid of my excess of spirits.

But all the celebration, as much as it meant and as wonderful as it was, was as nothing when compared with what the end of the war really means—a cessation of the awful slaughter at the front. No more dread of train after trainload of wounded and suffering to be unloaded and put to bed. That was all I could think of. Our cases here are now in very

good shape; very few of them are in any danger of death, I believe, and isn't it fine to know that there will be no more, for we understand that the evacuation hospitals have been quite emptied, but that also may be rumor.

Since the news there has been great excitement here and much prognostication as to what is going to happen to us, but of course nobody knows. I haven't room on the sheet to tell you all the rumors; sufficient that already some of our tents have been ordered taken down and shipped to another part of the country. Some things which happen would point to our leaving in a comparatively short time; and then again, some would make you think that we shall be here at least for the winter. So, as I say, there is not the slightest bit of news which is authentic yet. One rumor will say that we are to be shipped to the warmer part of the country, to one of the hospitals in the south, and that this center is to be used as a demobilization center; very likely there is no truth in it at all.

There is something I almost forgot to tell you about, and that is our new addition to the unit in the shape of 'Pep,' a Class D horse which we call the '48 Limited,' and his motto is 'Give us time.' Class D means that he has been evacuated from the hospital as unfit for service at the front, but fit to work in the SOS, which is our district, so he is now in our midst. We also have a donkey cart to which 'Pep' is attached, and while it isn't so funny to tell about, his history since he has been attached to this unit has been so eventful that I for one never see him even without going into gales of laughter. I am going to take his picture one of these days and will send one home or bring it with me. Tomorrow K. . . . and I are going to hire a donkey cart and go out to the game with it if we can get hold of one. Horses are very, very scarce here, and the French people all have these queer little donkeys with floppy ears, and funny little carts which they go around the country in.

Did I tell you that we have been issued khaki breeches, OD shirts, caps, etc., to wear when the weather is bad? I can see dad getting a disgusted look on his face when he reads this, but I want to tell you that after it has rained just one day I can't even cross the road without getting spattered with mud half way to my waist line. Then I come in here, where the floors are wet and muddy, and sit down, and of course my dresses wipe up the floor. But as a matter of fact they are very particular about our wearing them only when necessity demands it, and they really are a great comfort. In the first place, they're mighty warm and just great when you want to go on a hike. Generally we wear a short skirt, or our long coats, over them, so you could scarcely tell that we have them on. K. . . . and I have also bought large over-shoes (size 7, man's) from the quartermaster here, and if you could ever see us walking about in them! We have to keep them in the hall outside our room as there isn't room inside for them; we call them 'our family.' Everyone that comes down the hall in the dark falls over them, and cusses mentally; and we try to stifle our giggles inside.

This week I expect to go to a large town which is not far from here, but there are almost no Americans there and you can buy more; here the towns about are sold out or high priced, there are so many Americans in the vicinity. . . ."

PERSONALS

The "thrill that comes once in a lifetime" . . . three of the #48 civilians rating a special handshake and a few words from General Pershing on his visit to Nevers—while the officers, nurses and enlisted men received only the usual official impersonal inspection.

Katherine Dougherty learning with dismay that a bacteriologist was a non-existent animal as far as army classification went—neither officer, nurse, civilian nor enlisted man . . . and going three months without pay while someone was making up his mind!

Lillian Bulger's fright on finding herself all alone in the barracks, after #48 had evacuated . . . scared to stay there all night . . . finding an officer who placed two guards on duty to pace the entry all night long.



Drawing by SUPPLE.

Other memories of Mars . . . as recalled by one of the nurses:

“‘The Hun’ . . . who pampered Nance McCarthy and Marion Page by creeping into their room on cold mornings when he was on guard duty and building a fire in their stove . . . until someone decided it was against military regulations.

Nance McCarthy . . . who waxed profane, being the songleader, whenever there was a call for the Unit Song.

Nellie Hankins . . . who wanted to be ‘carried back to ole Virginny’ thirty-three times in just one evening.

Ezma Charlton’s blunt but telling reply to a visiting delegation to her ward expressing surprise on finding her alone taking care of fifty badly wounded men.

‘This is nothing. At the Metropolitan a nurse often had to take care of seventy or eighty men—and they weren’t soldiers.’



The famous "Lavoir"—Washday in a French village.



A group of Nurses off duty—among them the Misses Tovey, McElroy, Wolfe and Driscoll.



Bound out-of-town for a day's holiday—Nurses Charlton, Bengston, Spohr, Peloubet, McDonald and Langwig.

Miss Dwyer . . . the 'Clean-em-up-Kid,' who welcomed each new arrival on our ward with her G-I pail and scrub brush. She did an outstanding job on the bewhiskered prisoner, Nicolai Petriman, in spite of the fact that one big cootie eluded her and hid in his beard, to come out later to watch me irrigating 'Pete's' chest.

Col. Skinner . . . 'Did you hear'—about his waiting with a lantern at the path by the old apple tree on the St. Parize road, on the lookout for any nurses promenading with buck privates—or about his famous 'six-inch rule' for dancing? What a lot of sleep that man must have lost thinking up new rules!

Capt. Calvert . . . our Adjutant, whose passes for nurses read thus: 'Permission is given to Nurse —— to be on the streets of Nevers (Nievre) from 1 P.M. to 10 P.M.'!

CHRISTMAS

Christmas at Mars . . . as described in a letter to the home folks:

" . . . My leave being delayed two days makes it very probable that I shall be in Paris for New Year's Day, which is really quite wonderful. You know the French make very little of Christmas, but New Year's Day is a great celebration, and it will be great to be in Paris for it. I am expecting a wonderful time while away, but won't stop now to look ahead but will write you about it later.

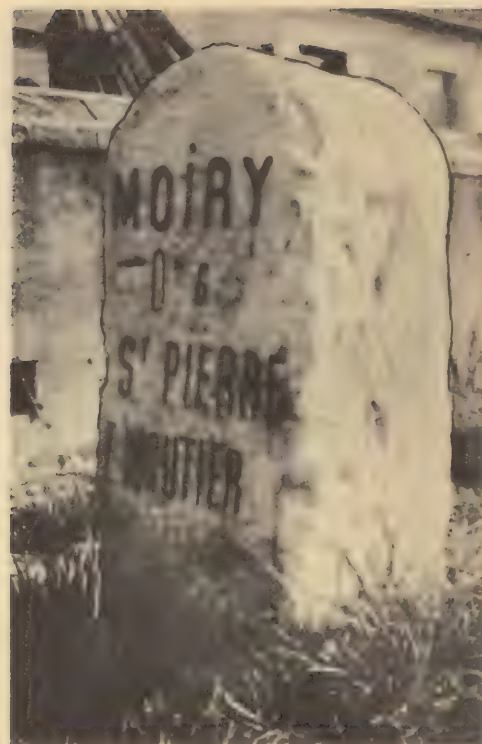
Lieut. C. . . . came here to spend Christmas with me. He is one of the boys who was in the 85th Division. He is now located in the Toul sector—it was like seeing an old friend, and I was much pleased to have him come. It certainly took some courage on his part, for if there is any place in France which is more difficult to get to than this center, I have yet to find it.

We have had a wonderful Christmas. I hope you haven't worried about me, for really there was so much doing that I actually didn't have a moment to be lonesome or homesick. Getting ready for it took up all our thoughts before Christmas, and there were so many diversions on the day itself that it was night before I realized really that I had spent my first Christmas away from you all. I would have been lonesome then, I think, but I was pretty tired (we had a dance Christmas eve and one Christmas night), so I didn't take long to get to sleep, and so it goes. I have been thinking about it and wondering how I could spend the days so far away from home without being homesick, and have just about made up my mind that the reason for it is that being so far away from you all it just didn't seem like Christmas at all; and was just a great big celebration and good time which we all enjoyed; but not a real Christmas—it couldn't be that without home.

The dance Christmas eve was a great success. We have a real tree trimmed with the same kind of ornaments they have in the States, some of which the Red Cross gave us and some which K. . . . and I went to town and scoured the shops for—it was next to impossible to get any, but we scared up enough. Our recreation hall was decorated with green and red ribbons, etc. and was mighty cheerful looking. The band was out in all its glory, and women were scarce and men 'beaucoup.' Really they actually took you from one another in the middle of a dance. I'm quite spoiled; when I get home and no one pays any attention to me it will be hard to get used to. We danced until almost midnight; then stopped and I played the piano and we all sang Christmas carols, after which the party broke up.



The Old Tower—a familiar landmark of the Hospital Center.



The old stone sign post at Moiry.

A group celebrating Major Cole's first glimpse of the outside world after many weeks in Ward #10. In the picture are Nurses Wootton, Langwig and Peloubet, Lieut. Col. Honan, Major Cole, Capt. Leighton, Lieut. John Broderick, Lieut. (Infantry) "Tex" Pearsall, "Doc" English and Gordon Mullins.



A group of German Prisoners working under guard.

About midnight we (probably a dozen of us) went down to the wards and sang the carols outside the windows. We have twenty wards, so it meant we sang them about ten times; four carols and two verses of each. We sang *Silent Night*; *It Came upon a Midnight Clear*; *Hark, the Herald Angels Sing*; and *O Come, all ye Faithful*. The weather had been very bad; for six weeks we have hardly seen the sun—this is no exaggeration at all—but the day before Christmas it grew colder and the wind blew all the clouds out of the sky and gathered them far off on the horizon so they looked just like large dark mountains. The stars all came out and the last of the moon as we were singing, and it was lovely.



The Nurses have nice new rubber Boots. DRAWING BY SUPPLE.

We all went to bed pretty tired but got up in the morning feeling all rested. That is the strange thing about it here—I don't believe I have gotten up tired in the morning more than half a dozen times since I have been here. It must be because I sleep so wonderfully well.

Christmas morning we went to church. Think of it—they had a real procession, the first. . . . No time to write more now."

The famous Christmas dinner held in the nurses' mess hall . . . even specially typed menus.

BREAKING UP OF THE UNIT

The final few weeks at Mars . . . and the gradual evacuation of the nurses . . . as told in Lieutenant Colonel Dearborn's book "*AMERICAN HOMEOPATHY IN THE WORLD WAR*":



On leave in Monte Carlo. Nurses Hayes, Silas, Grey and Nolan.

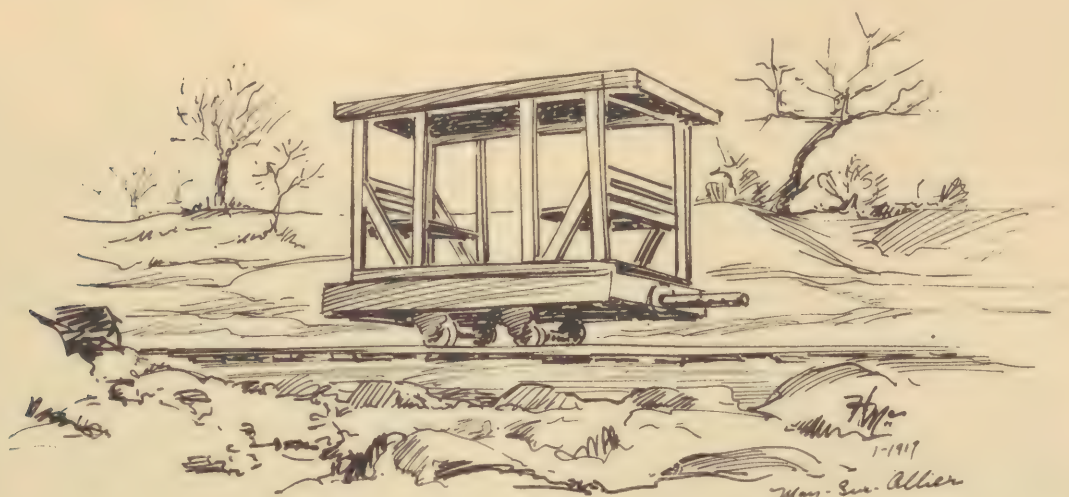
Nurse Harkin, Capt. Parks, Lieut. Honan and Miss Bulger—on a Nevers Junket.



Head Nurse—Helene Bengston



"New Year's Eve was especially welcome because a telegram was received at Headquarters stating that the Unit would be relieved from duty in a few days. This was construed to mean that all would return to the United States, but like many other details in the Army this was a false notion because shortly after the first of the year the nurses in small and large groups received orders to depart for various and sundry duties. The first detachment of eight were ordered to return to the United States on January 5th. On January 12th a group



The Trysting Car near the Quarry at Mars—the objective of almost every couple, out for an evening stroll. DRAWN BY LIEUT. HOWARD MCCALL, PATIENT OF WARD #10.

of three left for Germany and on the next day six more for Treves. On January 18th, twenty nurses were detached to Dijon and twenty more to Langres, for duty in base hospitals in these localities. On January 20th, seven of the remaining nurses were detailed to Evacuation Hospital No. 49 at Menton. The rest continued on duty with Evacuation Hospital No. 37 which had taken over '48's' property until February 2nd when they were relieved from duty, awaiting further orders. On February 12th, the remaining nurses received orders to proceed to La Boule to return to the United States.

"After the departure of our Chief Nurse, Miss Bengston, Miss Harriet A. Langwig acted as Chief Nurse until she too left with the detachment sent to Dijon. Then Miss Jane K. Spore became Acting Chief Nurse of the twenty-two on duty with Evacuation Hospital No. 37. It is well to mention in accounting for the nurse personnel of No. 48 that no less than eight had been returned to the United States in October and November of 1918 because of ill health. Our civilian personnel was likewise broken up, inasmuch as Miss Rowell had returned to the United States on January 8th, the Misses Goold and Wade were ordered to Center Headquarters at Savenay on January 20th, and Miss Bulger had been attached to our own Hospital Center Headquarters. This left the Misses Brown and Dougherty to return home with the balance of our nurses. To avoid confusion, no mention has been made here of the temporary duty performed by small groups of our nurses at Mesves, Bar-sur-Aub, Praughoy and Base Hospital No. 68 in our own Center. The Misses LeGassick and Donnelly were on detached duty during the entire active period of our hospital work while the Misses

Himmelberger and Hartzell were the fortunate ones who went away on August 31st with Major Grant's operating team and did not return until December 5th, after the War was over."

THE RETURN HOME

And then the return voyage home . . . the original unit of nurses scattered . . . and only ten or twelve comprising the official group under Captain Miller sailing on the "SS. Hollandia"—others returning as casuals on the "SS. Berengaria" and other vessels when relieved of temporary duties at hospitals along the way.



View along the Mediterranean at Menton.

The calm, uneventful passage to America—in contrast to the tenseness, excitement and hysteria so apparent going over on the "R. M. S. Olympic" . . . the prevailing attitude now anxiety to get back into the old grooves . . . nearing home, the glamour and unreality of the past few months receding to an almost hazy memory, and thoughts turning constantly to family, friends and familiar places.

Soon the New York skyline . . . the well-remembered buildings, the bridges, the parks . . . the planes overhead . . . the Statue of Liberty . . . the East River with its innumerable small craft.

The long, interminable ritual of docking . . . and then the ever-fascinating phantasmagoria which is New York City.

Three days later, Home—and Contentment.

IX. #48 Sees France

"A heated room, a soft bed, good food, and a private bath."

ANON.

THE play period of the members of #48, taking place in December 1918 and early January 1919, during which many of the celebrated vacation spots of France were visited, is vividly told in a series of letters, written by several persons, from whom we have had permission to quote. The more personal, intimate parts of these letters have of course been omitted.

M. M.

THE ROAD TO GRENOBLE

"Dear M. . . .

"Since my last letter to you I've had my leave, my furlough, my vacation, my holiday—or whatever you care to call that heavenly period of time where you don't answer fatigue calls, and do nothing except what you jolly well please.

"When the War ended the General Headquarters went into a deep cerebral session and decided that something must be done for the boys while they were waiting for a boat to take them home. Since there are over two million soldiers in France, that might mean a long time.

"What could be more reasonable than a week's holiday as the guest of Uncle Sam? Being a medic, I suppose I ought to use the word 'therapy' just about here, for that is supposed to explain everything.

"As a result the A. E. F. at the moment is a tourist's paradise, with the French doing everything in their power to encourage the idea. I have even heard it rumored that they have increased prices. That is hard to believe—it is probably just one of those nasty rumors that get around. You and I know that the French are lovers of things cultural and would think it frightfully vulgar to consider money!

"When the news got around to us, you can well understand our enthusiasm. Here was an opportunity to see the great art centers, the spas, the famous cathedrals, and even the much-heralded amusement spots of the country. We anxiously awaited our turn. Some fifteen or twenty men were selected each week—to go to Grenoble, Aix le Bains, Nice, Cannes.

"When my turn came I had exactly 20 francs in my pocket. Think of that, and then think of Grenoble. The combination just didn't seem to be right. I had an idea, however, and when I went to the Adjutant's office for my travelling papers I tried it out. I entered the sanctum sanctorum of — —, went through my salute gymnastics, and bravely laid my plan before him. I tried to tell the bird that it was nice of the government to offer me a holiday, pay my passage, take care of food and lodging at a modern hotel—but that, in

February 2,

1919

THE MARTIAN

HOMME 36-40
CHEVAT

Vol. 1. — No. 24.

Price : 30 centimes.



"SEEING FRANCE"

UNDER THE WATCHFUL EYE OF OUR MILITARY POLICE

Cartoon by ABLITZER.

view of the fact that I had only twenty francs due to allotments, insurance, Liberty Bonds and other overhead expenses, I could not look forward with any degree of happiness to a francless vacation—and please, sir, would he be so kind as to lend me 500 francs. I said a lot more and with gestures, quite convincingly I thought, and according to the latest army regulations covering the situation. But do you know, darling, that guy got so mad he was speechless! You might think I had asked for the Eiffel Tower. He growled, he sputtered, he choked. Something told me he looked askance at the general idea I had advanced, and I backed away discreetly toward the door. When I reached it, I turned quickly and ran like blazes to a safer spot.



A Picture that needs no Description—TOM SUPPLE at his best.

"Naturally I was quite discouraged. The moneyed men of the outfit, the poker and red dog players and crap shooters, happened all to be in the first leave contingent and hadn't yet returned to camp. Moreover, everybody was hoarding his francs for his own holiday. Frank Matt was always good for a touch, but I didn't have the heart to ask him—he had been decent to me on too many previous occasions.

"I finally located a Santa Claus in Ward #10, an infantry captain. He was still confined to his bed, but during his time in the hospital had amassed a small fortune in francs. He neither hesitated, grumbled, nor asked foolish questions. All he wanted to know was whether 500 francs would be enough! Such a gracious and Christian act immediately restored my faith in the great brotherhood of man—if you get my idea.

"So, darling, it was off to the races with a pocket full of dough! The night before I left I wangled a new blouse and a clean suit of underwear from Bill Felton at the Q. M. Besides, I risked flu, pneumonia and other hideous diseases by taking a shower in the ice house—where only a Finn could take pleasure in bathing. My trunks were packed, my bags were ready—excuse it, please—I mean my musette bag was stuffed. It contained all the necessities of a long journey—a clean shirt, two pairs of socks, and shaving equipment. Oh, yes, and a pair of pajamas—I swiped one of the Red Cross variety from the ward. Just one luxury after another!

"Our train left from Nevers. Lyon was to be our first stop, and from there we were to proceed to Grenoble.

"At Nevers we had our first untoward incident. R. . . . and W. . . . were my companions, and you will remember some of R. . . .'s drolleries that I've written you about. He pulled one of his choicest at once. At the ticket window there was a long line, three deep, of 'poilus,' stretching out almost to the street. R. . . . is temperamentally against lines of any sort—assembly lines, mess lines, even pay lines—he avoids them as the plague. When he saw this one, he let out a good round cuss word and, turning to us, said, 'You birds stick close to me.' We stuck. Then he dashed up to the line and yelled at the top of his lungs, in his priceless A. E. F. French, 'Allez! Partis! Vite!'—gesticulating wildly as if demanding a private lane for a general. The result was magical. The entire line gave way, and we three walked up to the window and got our tickets—and were several steps away before any of them came to and realized we were only buck privates!

"Fortunately for us, the train south left almost at once, or we might have had a nice little fight on our hands—perhaps something worse. After we got to our seats we laughed so hard, the tears rolling down our cheeks, that we were almost in a state of hysteria. I can see those frogs yet—shouting to high heaven and pouring maledictions upon us.

"We were on one of those P. L. M. trains, divided into the usual first, second and third class compartments. We, being members of the lowest order (militarily speaking, of course) in France, were in a third class carriage—or, rather, that is what we were assigned to according to our tickets. It was a rather dismal, depressing place, with no one but ourselves occupying it. W. . . . decided that we ought to promote ourselves to a first class compartment where we might have a little company. That was all right with us. So we investigated the various possibilities and concluded that the one occupied by the young lady and the French Aviation Major offered us the choicest location in the car. These decisions, well conceived as we thought, were all right from our point of view. But the conductor, a pompous, portly old codger, seemed to have other ideas. He recognized us at once as occupants of the third class compartment and immediately demanded first class tickets. I was elected by R. . . . and W. . . . to do the talking, on the theory, I suppose, that I was a competent linguist—I passed the third-year French Regents' exams back home! In the most abominable academic French imaginable, I explained that we were in the Colonel's party, the Colonel being two cars ahead; and that we had our orders to occupy this carriage, and that if the conductor wanted extra fare he would have to see the Colonel. He rattled off some patois French in an intense St. Vitus-dance way that went completely over my head. I seemed to make no impression on him. I kept repeating my formula, louder each time, and he replied equally loud. Try to picture the scene. From the amount of attention he was giving us, you'd think

we were his only customers. The inspiration occurred to me that, if I could persist in this strategy, perhaps we would reach Lyon before he called upon the gendarmes for help. The young lady interceded for us and spoke quietly and sweetly to him. However, he didn't appreciate this interference, and probably said so. Whereupon the Major sliced into the fray with a barrage of language which was a joy to listen to. That was the touch-off! It was evidently now a new quarrel, with which we had apparently nothing to do. So, grasping the opportunity, we slipped off to our old quarters—just as we entered the outskirts of Lyon!"



Buying Souvenirs for the Folks back Home. DRAWING BY SUPPLE.

LYON

"It was at Lyon that we began our personal course of instruction in the art of visiting cathedrals. I had passed up the smaller ones at St. Pierre and Moulins, knowing that I could always see them. So my first cathedral of importance was Notre Dame de Fourvière in Lyon.

"Cathedral-hunting became a sort of mania, like collecting souvenirs, or writing a diary. R. . . . and W. . . . said that it was expected of us—that the one sure way of absorbing culture was to visit all the cathedrals, parks and art museums. We must do the job right, or not at all. Anyway, they thought we ought to take a fling at it and not spend all our time in the "estaminets" and joy centers.

"Notre Dame de Fourvière is located at the top of a hill on the outskirts of the city, and is reached by cable car. As soon as we arrived at the outside of the church we encountered peddlers with postcards, souvenir booklets, and other odds and ends to sell. There were also guides available, who for one franc would take you around the place and fill you with statistics. R. . . . decided, however, that he would be our guide. With the booklet open, he walked around, declaiming dramatically concerning the marvelous mosaics, stained glass windows, etc., as well as other topics not covered by the booklet. Soon we had a following

of Americans, much to the chagrin of the professional guides. Things went very well—until W. . . . decided to pass the hat! Then someone in authority went into action, and speedily we found ourselves on the pavement outside.”

NICE

“Nice is a fairly large city, surprisingly so. I had an idea it was like Cannes and similar smaller places. It is a resort of course, and not like the industrial cities—Lyon, Dijon, Nevers, and such.

“The climate, as one would expect, is superb, and the scenery is everything which is claimed for it. Of most interest to us were the innumerable orange groves, and the limestone cliffs which rise to dizzy heights all along the coast. And the sun—God, was there ever such sunshine anywhere in the world! The whole scene is like a picture, and even more beautiful. What luck to be alive to see and enjoy all this.

“The Promenade des Anglais is a handsome thoroughfare, and you see there always any number of smartly dressed lovely women. To us that was almost as dazzling a sight as the reflection of the sun on the waters of the Mediterranean!

“I shall never forget as long as I live—the one grand blowout of our trip—a dinner which we had planned for days. It was to include everything which we had lacked during our months in France. Now, more than a week later, I can remember every course as if it were an hour ago. An epicure accustomed to the best would undoubtedly disagree with many of our selections. But, if the epicure had lived on beans, ‘slum,’ ‘goldfish’ and similar dainties, he might forgive us our gastronomic sins!

“Bear with me, while I set each course down in black and white—and be glad for us:

Hors d'Oeuvres

Sardines

Olives

Arcachon Oysters

Potée garbure

Grenoble Trout

Salad—crisp Romaine

Poularde en Chemise

Asparagus

French Fried Potatoes

Camembert Cheese and Crackers

Coffee

Fruit

Before dinner we had a couple of Dubonnets, with the dinner a bottle of Chablis, and after the dessert Yellow Chartreuse."

CANNES

"I don't suppose there is anything in the world more beautiful than Cannes. Before the War it was the playground of Europe. Here royalty, wealth and privilege frolicked when life at home became dull.



TOM SUPPLE labelled this "I hope to see Paris"!

"The place abounds in magnificent villas, palaces, rich sumptuous restaurants, incredibly beautiful gardens. Along the Boulevard de la Croisette and the Boulevard Carnot are located branches of the famous shops of Europe, and it's lots of fun just walking up and down, window shopping. Actually to enter one of these shops would be just too presumptuous.

"The harbor is a sight to remember. I saw it at sunset. There are still a number of yachts of all sizes and description at anchor. What a magnificent sight it must be in peace time with the harbor alive with boats and everybody on pleasure bent!

"An American Red Cross woman told us that there is something special about the light on the Riviera—a curious brilliance, which touches everything with magic and glamor. It

is easy to believe, for life here is carefree and buoyant, of a quality difficult to analyze and even more difficult to describe."

MONTE CARLO

"I'm afraid I went a little too far in my enthusiasms in describing my impressions of Cannes. I thought it was the last word in beauty of a certain spectacular sort, but now that I'm in Monte Carlo I'm not so sure my verdict is fair. I spoke out too soon. This place is so incredibly lovely that I'll just have to drag out my choicest superlatives if I'm to do it justice.



The irreverent American Soldier sees France. DRAWING BY SUPPLE.

"For most of us this is the supreme experience of a lifetime. We are quartered in a villa that is truly magnificent in every respect, with fairyland gardens all about us. It really is a story book setting. Some of us later in life may get back here for a visit—but I'm quite sure the number will be small—and only those with ample leisure and still ampler funds. From the remarks passed by the boys, I'm inclined to think that the opportunity is appreciated. Certainly they will boast about this jaunt—just as I am now—for many years to come. Can't you just hear it? 'When I was in Monte Carlo. . . .'

"The first thing one thinks of in connection with Monte Carlo is the gambling—and everybody wanted to see the Casino. It's an imposing building designed in a lush, extravagant and even romantic manner, and in harmony with the extraordinary fantastic quality of the place. Somehow you are impressed quickly with its glamor, its mystery, and its unreality. Seen from nearby Roquerbrune, the principality seems carved out of a rock and set on the side of a mountain. You get the feeling that the whole thing is the work of some great theatrical designer—that it is too perfect to be true. The great gambling hell of Europe—it might be a city of papier mâché. Nature and Man combine here to create the almost perfect earthly setting. Majestic mountains, a sea of sapphire brilliance, exotic gardens—this is only part of Monte Carlo; the rest is an emotion, slightly dizzy and cock-eyed to be sure, but still authentically romantic. Perhaps M. . . 's outburst comes closest to the mark—'Quite a dump—eh what?'"

PARIS

"The dream of everybody is to see Paris, and with 2,000,000 men possessed of the same idea, something has to be done to keep this mob from stampeding the city all at the same time. Accordingly, the authorities have placed M. P.'s behind every lamp post, behind every tree, behind every bar, behind almost every object in the entire country. Sometimes I think there are more M. P.'s than there were soldiers at the Front!

"Most of the passes are made out for the south of France—but the bearer is usually headed north or east or whichever direction Paris is located. And the M. P.'s are tough. They can't put under arrest everybody with a pass not labelled 'Paris,' but they give you anywhere from twelve to twenty-four hours to get out. The wise boys, however, don't go through the main railroad stations and have their passes examined and stamped. They get off at some country station several miles from Paris, and then walk in over some relatively unfrequented road at the proper time. Then they only run the risk of being accosted on the street by an M. P. By this method you stand a chance of spending several days doing all or most of the things you have set your heart on doing.

"I was one of the lucky ones—I put in three days—and it was a tremendous experience. We (R. . . . and W. . . . were with me) stayed at the Hotel Papillon, a small Y. M. C. A. hotel. It was comfortable enough and reasonably inexpensive.

"Before coming here we had made a wise decision—at least we thought so. We had resolved not to consult our Baedeker for anything whatsoever. In Grenoble and other places we had studiously gone about the business of seeing everything of importance recommended in the Guide, and as a result we had a confused idea of a flock of churches, tombs, monuments, etc., and nothing to show for it but sore feet and disappointment.

"The truth of the matter is that this culture business didn't appeal to us. It was all right, we said, for the specialists—architects, artists, scientists and the like. But for us, well we were more interested in getting some idea of manners and behavior of the French in their own bailiwick than we were in cathedrals and art galleries.

"Despite our resolves, we did see some of the so-called important things. We saw the Louvre—from the outside—well protected by sandbags from the air raids; likewise Napoleon's Tomb. We walked up the Rue des Italiens and the Champs Elysées; saw, again from the outside, the famous shops of the Rue de la Paix. We refused, however, to climb

Right—in contrast to the pen and ink rendering by Supple of the Rheims Cathedral is this photograph showing the ruins of neighboring buildings.



The Artist-Soldier of #48—Bob Riggs—shown in front of the famous Julian's Art School in Paris.



Many members of #48 got to Verdun to see the battle ruins.



the Eiffel Tower or to visit Fontainebleau. Tombs and monuments were our pet abomination—we passed them all up.

"A little dressmaker's girl showed us the Tuileries and the Luxembourg Gardens, but we weren't particularly impressed. Nevertheless we had a marvelous time.

"We steered shy of the big hotels and the famous restaurants, for money reasons principally, but also to get away from Americans. We wanted to see the French off parade. A good part of our time was spent in one of those sidewalk cafés—not outside, but inside where it was warm. There we learned to eat 'déjeuner,' consisting of a glass of 'café (real coffee) au lait' and a buttered roll of sorts.

"At this same place we conducted an intensive study of French 'apéritifs,' with the anise variety our favorite. Moreover, we discovered that they were palatable, cheap and amazingly potent. It was here we met Marie, her 'maman,' her 'papa' and her little sister. What an engaging family! Papa gave us the secret of securing the best food at a minimum of expense. It was chiefly a matter of what to order. The lesson cost us a meal entertaining them, but it was worth it. The considerate and grateful soul ordered 'vin ordinaire' for himself, but instructed us to drink 'Pommard'—a suggestion which had our unanimous approval.

"We saw the naughty sights too—the circuses, the halls of mirrors, the cabarets. It was not elevating or inspiring, I can assure you!

*'And Paris is a woman's town,
With flowers in her hair'*

Well, maybe it is. Certainly the women occupy the limelight. They are everywhere, even guzzling liquor in the grog shops.

"Paris is a noisy city—and everywhere you find advertising posters, flower stalls and perfume shops. The cab drivers are an unkempt, wild looking lot. They drive pell-mell through the streets (on the left side in this country)—blow their horns like madmen—put on their brakes suddenly. It's a miracle to be alive after one experience with them."

THE FRONT

In direct contrast to these riotous and irresponsible antics is this realistic account of a trip to the Front, told by one of our girls in a letter to her people at home:

"We left the center in an ambulance (our usual method of traveling, unless it might be perched on top of a lot of dirty laundry) and went to Nevers, where we saw a Y. M. C. A. show, and took the midnight train for Paris, arriving there about 8 in the morning. Went to a hotel and rested and early the next morning took the train which went all thru the devastated region of northern France—thru Chateau Thierry, etc., on a line to Metz, which was as far into Germany as we got. We could have made Coblenz but didn't think we would have the time.

"I have never seen such utter devastation in my life, and hope I never shall again. Village after village along the railroad utterly demolished—literally hardly a stone left standing. There is still a lot of the barbed wire entanglements which has not been removed, and many, many sad little white crosses dot the fields as far as you can see on either side. The trenches also were plainly visible—many of them have not yet been filled in. The French people are beginning to drift back to their homes, and it is sad to see them, carrying almost all they

possess in bundles—but the villages are still pretty well deserted, that is, those that have been bombarded.

“We didn’t stay in Metz long—there was nothing particularly attractive about the place excepting the Cathedral, which has as beautiful stained glass as I have seen yet. From there we went to Luxembourg—once more on our nerve as we had no passes—and we seemed to be the only American women there. Luxembourg is a beautiful city—the natural fortifications are simply wonderful—the city seems to be built almost entirely on massive rocks and there is a sort of valley which runs between the two masses of rock—I really can’t describe it at all, but I have some postcards and also took some pictures myself, which I hope will turn out well. Luxembourg seems as beautiful and romantic as the stories tell—and as interesting. We liked it there very well, and stayed nearly two days.

“From there we went to Nancy—one of the most charming French towns I have been in, and then to Toul—one of the worst places I have struck yet. We got there late at night and there wasn’t a decent hotel—at least, we didn’t like any of them. The Y. W. C. A. had a place there and the girls put us up very comfortably for a couple of nights. We made that our Headquarters and went out to Verdun, starting at 5.15 the next morning. Absolutely everything was closed up. The Y. M. C. A. and Red Cross were no longer there and there was no transportation to be had—it was almost impossible to get anything to eat, even, but we had taken our lunch. We had expected all this as we had been warned, but couldn’t miss seeing it on any account.

“I cannot tell you how fortunate we were there. We started bravely out, and had walked but a hundred yards when we met a captain in a flivver and hailed him, telling him we wanted to see the citadel and something of the front. Well, here our luck started. He was most courteous and obliging—we were utter strangers to him yet he took us to the citadel in his car and left us there while we went through.

“You may not have happened to hear that there is an underground citadel at Verdun which will hold about 30,000 troops, and it may be many more—I’m not sure of the figures. It is all very surprising to me—you go in an entrance which is like going right in the bottom of an enormous mountain—natural fortifications, of course, and certainly the way that place is formed is a wonder of engineering skill. They have French soldiers for guides—they will not let you go thru all of it, for which you can scarcely blame them, but they take you thru enough to give you a pretty good idea of the enormity of the place.

“About one quarter of the city of Verdun is almost entirely destroyed. It would be impossible to find words to describe the desolation of these destroyed villages—the parts of houses and other buildings that are left stand up like long, jagged teeth in the dusk.

“After we had gone thru the citadel, the nice kind Captain came back for us and took us to his camp to the officers’ mess and we had a right good dinner. Immediately after he took us out to the front in his car, and I was simply breathless with wonder all the way. I sat in the front seat—my neck ached and I was dizzy trying to look all ways at once—how I ever managed to stay in the car I don’t know. We got out many times and I took some snapshots of the dugouts, etc. Here also the trenches were not filled in and the underground telephone wires were still in place. I went in some of the dugouts and then was petrified for fear I had acquired some cooties. The dugouts are burrowed right out of the side of the hills, sometimes in a row of five or six, all camouflaged, and sometimes here and there all

over the sides of the hills. I picked up a couple of French 75s from the fields—they wouldn't let us touch much of anything for fear there might be grenades or something that would explode. About every three minutes somewhere on the field there was an explosion—it is a wonder to me that more people haven't been wounded. We were there probably two hours and it seemed that most of the time there were probably half a dozen streams of smoke ascending from explosions, most of them far away from the road.

"Quite a way up the side of one of the hills we climbed to where the French have put a monument to a certain regiment, the 337th I think it was, which was on duty there defending Verdun when a mine went off underneath them and practically the entire regiment was buried in the earth. For a large space around the ground is covered with parts of bones of the human body—and in one shoe right near there were the bones of a foot. The ends of guns were protruding, sometimes just a little, sometimes quite a bit, as if the men went down into the earth in a standing posture holding their guns. It is all very dreadful to think of.

"I suppose little has been changed here since the actual fighting. Can you picture a white road, winding for perhaps several miles along the foot of hills shooting up in various directions—literally every inch of which is covered with shell holes, dugouts and trenches? The ground is a succession of mounds, some small, some large, according to the size of the shells, I suppose, or the force of the explosion. Pieces of gas masks, helmets, shells exploded and unexploded, and parts of artillery spread all over the ground. And here and there, under camouflage, a mounting where a machine gun has been. I think I could have spent a week there but we had to make a train about four o'clock as there was no place to spend the night, so we went back to Toul, well satisfied with our day. The captain took us to the station—he certainly saw us thru to the bitter end—and I guess we were the only ones who struck Verdun that day who saw much of anything outside of the city.

"The Cathedral there must have been very beautiful, but it has been quite destroyed—the inside is a mass of ruins. There is a sign that it is dangerous to enter, as they seemed to be working on it, but of course we had to peek about some. One of the soldiers came up to me and I thought I was to be invited to make my exit, but instead he handed me a piece of one of the stained glass windows, for which of course he expected the usual tip. I don't believe in helping yourself to souvenirs and I have strictly held myself not to take anything—but when it is given to you it is different.

"We went back to Nevers by way of Dijon—it took us from 7.15 in the morning to midnight to go about 200 miles at the most. I suppose war conditions are partly to blame for it.

"I forgot to say that in Paris I had an ice cream soda—my first since I left U. S.—and my tongue will hang out for another until I can get back."



One of the few pictures taken at Clisson not concerned with the Mess line—a “fashionable” billet on “U” Street. Goodrich, Bass, Sheinman, Beck, Capt. Hetrick, Millard, Miles Jones, Dooley.



The lucky members of the billet located directly opposite Madame Richard’s “Buvette.”



Whiteside and Clarence Jones “At Home”!

One of our well-remembered luxuries—the stone wall lunch-counter at Clisson.



X. Clisson

F*EB. 14th.* Rainy and disagreeable. We and Base Hospital #35 broke camp at 3.10 A.M., American soldiers homeward bound, riding in France in a German box car, rationed on quince jam from Sidney, Australia, bully beef from Argentine, and hard tack from The States. The group that I was with occupied one end of a box car, while some of the non-coms, with a much coveted supply of cakes and canned goods, occupied the other. We started a fire on the floor of the car, leaving the door partially open, but that allowed too much cold rain to beat in, so we decided to close the door. This resulted in making a perfect smoke house of the car, so one of the buddies who had a pocket knife with a saw blade gave us all turns at cutting a hole through the side of the car to let the smoke out, which worked fairly well.

"Feb. 15th. Showery. Arrived at Bourges about 4 A.M., having traveled about 30 miles since yesterday. Some of us walked into town to get something to eat and to inspect the large cathedral. It was surrounded by a moat, and the huge Gothic pillars were the most massive I had seen in any of the many cathedrals I visited. Slept in the recreation room on a bench. Breakfast over, we went back to the train, which left at 6.35 A.M., arriving in Nantes at 11.30 P.M.

"Feb. 16th. Mild. Rained hard during the night and again in the afternoon. We slept in the train and upon awakening, much to our surprise, we were still in Nantes. Train pulled out at 5.25 A.M., arriving at Clisson 8.30 A.M. We were immediately marched into town and were assigned to our billets. About eight of us were located in a couple of dark rooms above the company office. Then we had the job of unloading the stoves and provisions from the train. All the lads in our billet made certain to get a very good share of those coveted cakes and canned goods which the non-coms thought they had securely hidden for their own consumption. We stuffed these in every conceivable space in our dark quarters, some finding their way between the rafters or under the floor boards. Much noise was spread about the missing goodies and many a search was made, but of course we knew nothing about them except when a desire to eat came on. They surely lasted a long time, and the jam, with a goodly supply of French bread, came in mighty handy, particularly on a rainy morning. Sitting in the drizzling rain on a stone wall fence, trying to devour a meal of sticky, unseasoned oatmeal or a mess-kit full of cornmeal with syrup and a cup of something called coffee, with perchance a strip or two of bacon, was no incentive to get up early for breakfast as long as the jam held out."

Clisson . . . a friendly little town . . . unaccustomed to the breeziness and strange manners of Americans . . . all the natives out in the morning watching the boys brush their teeth at the village pump.

Billeted in stables, haylofts, outhouses and cellars . . . dingy quarters—usually one window and one door—about twenty men to a billet. Officers in homes where there were said to be beds . . . enlisted men sleeping on mattresses filled with straw.



The scene of all our basketball games, with #48 defeating the teams of five other outfits. Another victory was notched at Nantes. The players included Campbell, Defibaugh, Barrett, McBride, Wilcox, Wood, Morrow and Willis.



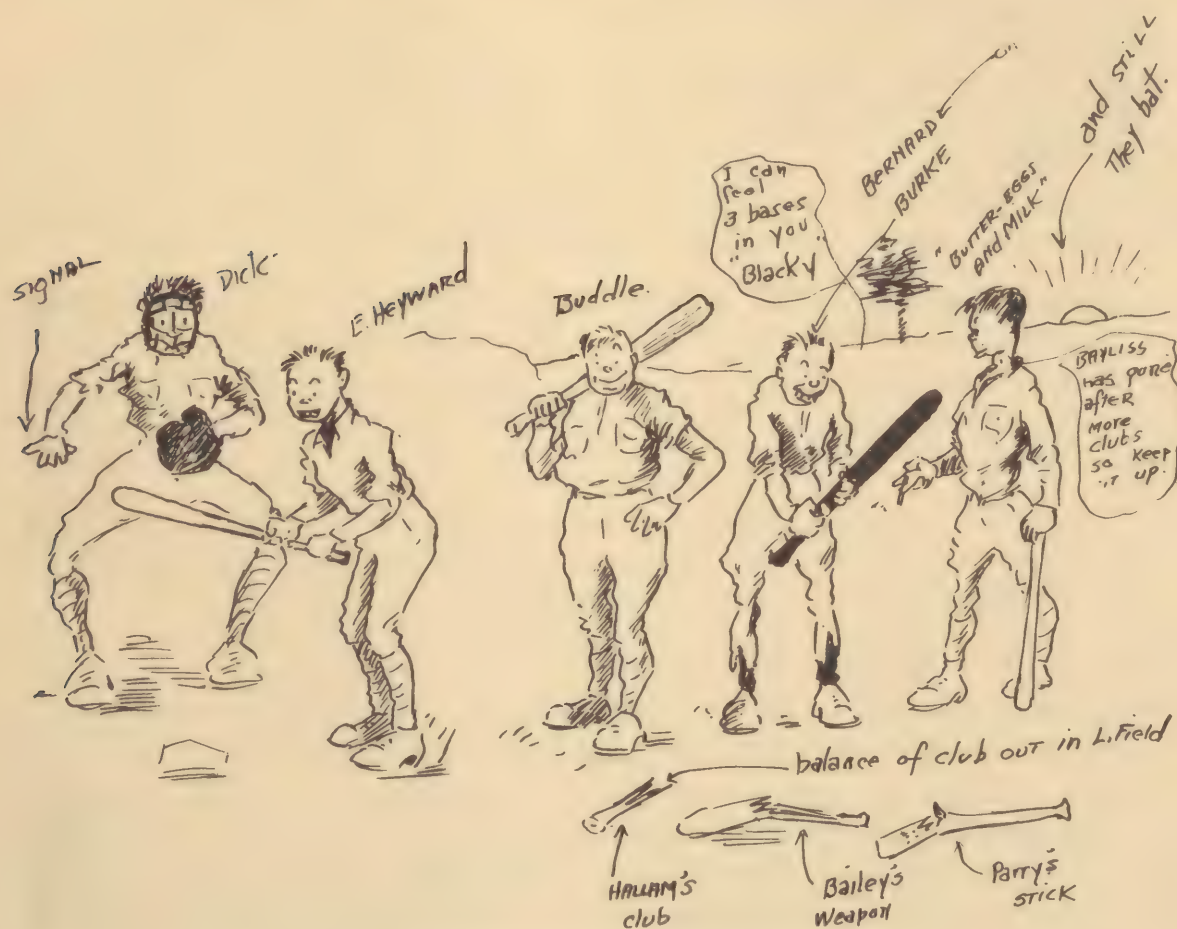
Madame Richard's "pub," of hallowed memory—the scene of many hilarious nights. This picture shows customers Matt, Foley, Beck, and Schuman.



The Bridge at Clisson. At the head of this street is the little shop where we enjoyed our first taste of American Cocoa and Chocolate layer cake.

A happy, carefree time . . . little work . . . some drills . . . occasional hikes . . . but many, many inspections.

Dining out frequently . . . patronizing every restaurant and café for miles . . . exploring the countryside along the river. The luxury of not answering mess call . . . but catching up on our sleep after late hours at Madame Richard's, a nearby estaminet . . . and persuading one of the boys to fetch your breakfast.



Not the Varsity—just the Scrubs. DRAWING BY SUPPLE.

Taking a weekly bath in a tub of water at some private house . . . for a franc . . . and feeling gloriously clean and virtuous.

The bridge games at the various “buvettes” . . . the appalling number of hot rums consumed of an evening . . . occasionally a bottle of champagne.

Basketball, baseball, tennis.

The all-night battle between the well-meaning Madame of the billet in Clisson and seven privates who insisted on their American rights in the matter of opening windows . . . she didn't want her nice American “soldats” to catch pneumonia and die!

The very secret club founded at the Castle in Clisson by "Pat" Regin, "Doc" Morrow and Matheson . . . the newest initiate paying the dinner bill . . . with the suckers totalling eighteen curious young men.

The consternation in the Fourth Platoon, lined up preparatory to leaving Clisson for the port of debarkation, on finding Martin Sacco missing . . . their relief at his eleventh hour appearance, sheepish but happy, after a final farewell with his billet landlady.

And Vaeth sleeping in the raw while the rest of us had a hard time keeping warm with half our clothes on. . . .

"Buffalo Bill" (Capt. Hetrick) carrying spatulas in his revolver holster—ready to indulge in his specialty!

The trip to Nantes for the opera, "Madame Butterfly" . . . and the delight of listening to music seated at tables . . . and drinking quantities of ale.

The seemingly endless arguments between Darragh and Schuman—with McGirr umpiring . . . the initiation of "Walt" Foley and Frank Matt in the ways of Triple Sec . . . the crazy, happy jags of Ryan . . . Regin sleeping in a bed across the street from the billet as long as his francs held out . . . "Butch" Durr's debut as a pitcher and allowing ten runs in the first inning.

Bill Felton assuring his washerwoman landlady that the colors from the red stripe in his medical department towel wouldn't run, in these words, "Rouge pas promenade" . . . and having the old girl almost die on his hands from hysterical laughter.

The never-failing thrill of watching once more the coming of spring.

And the company fund . . . that gave us luxuries not provided for by Army Regulations . . . steaks, bacon and eggs, athletic equipment, tickets for the opera, cigars, tobacco and cigarettes, entertainment, and occasional cash . . . the awful, awful wrench at having to part with it before leaving for the port of debarkation . . . Lieutenant Colonel Honan and Lieut. Tyler catching hell from the Inspector at Nantes for spending so much of it—even though raised privately by friends of #48 for our use. The threats of the Inspector to keep us in Clisson indefinitely . . . and the happy solution worked out by the Colonel whereby the inspector approved all records, orders and accounts.

Guard duty as described in a diary:

"April 2-3rd. Clear and cold. On guard duty alone at the bath-house across the bridge from the old castle from 9 P.M. to 1 A.M. It was truly an experience to long remember, for the nights were crisp and very clear. Directly in line across the river, over the castle, shone the full moon amid the tufted clouds. From the distance came the noise, through the cool, crisp night air, of clattering wooden clogs on the cobblestone road, the moo of a cow, or the barking of dogs on their way to market. From the old castle came the repeated and weird sound of a hoot-owl or two, and then the echo."

A reminiscing letter from Gordon Mullins recalls the pitiful tale of a "goldbricker" who came to grief:

"When we went to Clisson I was billeted in Blue Beard's Stable. As we were only going to be there two days I did not fill my bed sack. After sleeping on boards for about a month I decided I was sick, so reported to the O. D. (If you remember, the O. D. had a little building with a fireplace on the first floor, and the doctor examined upstairs.) Well, I got hold of Ed Lavelle, and he agreed to have a thermometer ready at the right temperature when the O. D. (Capt. Johns was on this day) called for me. Ed did very well, but put it on a little too thick. When Johns called for the thermometer Ed came dashing upstairs shaking it not too vigorously and stuck it in my puss. When Johns read it he almost had a relapse himself. It said 105 and 8/10ths. Johns took one look and said, 'Get him to Nantes at once—very serious.' I was sent to Nantes, hoping to be sent home in a hurry. Instead, you left Clisson in a day or two, and I stayed in France for three months more (even to spending Good Friday in Jail)!"

Memories of our life in Clisson are recorded in some nostalgic verses written in 1921, part of which we reproduce here:

CLISSON 1921

*"The crooked streets, the old chateau, the cafe opened wide,
And Madam Richard all aglow, as 'Bien-venu' she cried,
With Earl and Jim and Schuman too, we saunter in to dine
On bifestek rare and pommes de terres, a quart or two of wine.*

*I want to hear those stories in Regin's richest vein,
Those quips of Gene, the puns of Bill, the laughter and the rain.
And no one round to wonder at the levity and noise,
For Madame knew, and joined us too; she was one of the boys."*



Drawing by SUPPLE.



"SS. Freedom"—the antiquated ship that took us from St. Nazaire to the United States. Principally from Base Hospital Units, 35 officers and 1,684 enlisted men were fellow-sufferers.

Camp Upton, where the enlisted men were discharged from the Service.

Photo. by U. S. Army Signal Service



XI. Homeward Bound

APRIL 9th—Clear until noon. Left Clisson at 12.12 P.M. with Base Hospitals #9, 19, 30 and 47. On the train were also Base Hospitals #25 and 36. Arrived in Camp #2 about 7.30 P.M.

“April 11th—We were transferred to Camp #1, where we were put through the delouser. Each of us hung all his clothes on a rack built on wheels, which was rolled into a heating chamber and allowed to ‘cook’ (the clothes of course) until any itinerant cooties were dead, dead, dead. To make doubly sure, each of us, in his birthday suit, had to pass a guard, an Ethiopian, who with a large whitewash brush plastered us back and front, top and bottom, with some strong disinfectant. We then went under the showers. We were a sorry looking lot of soldiers after donning our wrinkled clothing that had gone through this precautionary process.

“April 12th—Stormed hard all night, with a drizzling rain all day. After dinner we were marched to the port at St. Nazaire. We were well supplied by the Y. M. C. A. with hot chocolate, cigarettes, cookies and gum, before boarding the former German cattle boat, ‘Freedom,’ at 3.45 P.M.

“April 13th—Boat left pier at 10.50 A.M., was towed into the locks and slipped out at 12.16 A.M., and at 5.15 P.M. we were across from Belle Isle. It showered about 7.30, and from then on the boat started rolling aplenty. The small boat would seem to slide forward on the waves which blocked the entire horizon, only to slide backwards while rolling from side to side, and at the same time with that lovely up and down movement that makes your stomach feel as if it were going to slide into your shoes one second and then to your head the next. Many of the boys, as well as a couple of the dogs aboard, were mighty sick, and found the railing their best friend. I felt mighty groggy, but managed to hold my meals.

“The rough sea continued for the next couple of days, most of which time the boat was floundering in the Bay of Biscay.

“April 16th–27th—Clear weather and a fairly smooth sea. Was on ration detail some of the time, as well as having the job of hauling ashes down in the hull of the boat to the well hole where the ash cans were hoisted over the sides of the boat. Trying to push a wheelbarrow load of ashes in a choppy sea is quite a feat. One moment you had to push for all you were worth to get up the grade when the roll of the boat was toward you, and the next second you were forced to sit down, with all muscles strained to keep from sliding down grade with the reverse roll of the ship.

“April 28th—Awakened at 1.15 A.M., so went up on deck and saw the lightships; then went back to bed. Got up at 4.15 A.M. Time was then set ahead, so had to wait a long time for our 6 A.M. breakfast. Stepped onto the gangplank at 9.34 A.M. Were served with coffee, buns, pie and candy. Ferry boat left pier at 4.15 P.M. Stepped off boat at 5.30 P.M. Were served coffee, cake, pie, sauerkraut and frankfurters. Train left at 6.03. Got off at Upton

8:30, which was the first my feet actually touched good old American terra firma. Reached barracks at 10.00 P.M., filled our bedding sacks, washed and crawled into bed at 11.30 P.M."

"April 29.

"What a day, what a night, what an experience! For some reason or other, some efficient guy in the office has never failed to pick me for baggage detail. One might think it was a life assignment, for the practice started way back in Baltimore. My fellow-sufferers this time were Joe Lefton, McCue, Ryan, Mackeown, John Smith and Felton.



Two days out of St. Nazaire aboard the "SS. Freedom." DRAWING BY SUPPLE.

"Our boat, the 'SS. Freedom,' docked yesterday morning in Erie Basin, a most dismal place, where everything seemed to be in a state of crumbling decay. After our gang got off the boat accommodations were provided for them to make the trip to the railroad station, en route to Camp Upton out on Long Island.

"But that little plan didn't include us of the baggage detail. All #48 equipment, barracks bags, field desk, officers' trunks, and what-not, were piled up on the dock—and we beside it. And there we sat—and sat—and sat. The idea was that a lighter was to take us and our equipment to a spot where it could be loaded onto a Long Island Railroad train. Nobody, however, seemed to know anything about plans for our outfit, and there we were stranded, hour after hour, not a dollar in American money in our pockets, no supper, and, Lord



This group picture of Base Hospital #48 included all officers and men stationed at Fort McHenry as of May 1918.

In contrast with the picture above, of rookies, is the group photograph taken at Camp Upton in May 1919, after our return from overseas, and only a day or so before our discharge from the Service.



knows, not a prospect of one in sight. And no one in authority on the dock seemed to care a damn about our hard luck. What a welcome to our native soil!

"Well, all things, even the bad, come to an end, and finally, toward morning, a lighter appeared to take us and our stuff aboard. After a snail-like trip through the vile-smelling waters of Newtown Creek, we reached our destination, loaded the baggage on a Long Island freight train, and finally arrived at Upton.

"Again, tough luck, for the headquarters staff there knew absolutely nothing about #48—we were evidently another 'Lost Battalion!' After much conversation we persuaded the guards to let us wander about the Camp in the hope of locating our outfit. Well, we finally did, but we were too awfully tired to do anything except sleep for the next eighteen hours."

May 6, 1919

"Dear —: "

". . . This is probably our last night in the army. We are packed and ready for a quick exit. All our equipment has been turned in, our last physical inspection has been made, and our characters have been pronounced good. Tomorrow we will have our last formation, and later be handed our discharge papers, back pay and the \$60 bonus due us. Then release and freedom!

"Now that the adventure is about over, I feel a little sad. To be sure, we have all looked forward with eagerness to the day when we could leave the army once and for all. I still do, but you can't help having moments of regret that another chapter in your life, and probably one of the most important, is about over.

"Living at close quarters with your buddies, you get to know these men pretty intimately, more so than in civilian life. For about fourteen months there has been little or no privacy for any of us. You are known for what you are and you can't fool anybody. If you are decent, everyone knows it—if you are a bounder, that is known too. If you have shirked your job, everyone in the outfit has a pretty fair notion of how it was done.

"This has been on the whole a fine bunch of boys. Close friendships have been formed, and you are sorry that you won't see a number of the men again. But already we are talking of the new life which lies ahead of us—and soon a lot of this will be a hazy memory, to be revived only on special occasions.

"This is a good life, physically. Nearly all of us are improved in this respect. We are heavier, with little or no superfluous flesh, hungry most of the time, and, goodness knows, needing no sedatives to sleep at night. That is a lot, and it's a grand feeling to be so thoroughly alive—even with the enforced frustrations of army life. I don't suppose it will be for long. Back to new or old jobs, we'll soon lead a sedentary existence, and middle age will be upon us, with the inevitable slowing up process under way. What a thought!

"Morally, I'm inclined to think we have slipped a little. Our ideals, in contact with temptation, are just a bit tarnished. The war psychology has been too much for us. Many of us have touched 'the wine when it was red' in copious quantities; we have honestly enjoyed a temporary forgetfulness and the escape from a disagreeable reality. To many it was an initiation into controlled drinking—for pleasure and not to excess. I have an idea that our boys took quickly to the French notion of love—but I also suspect that the experience to most of the experimenters was a keen disappointment. Some went through genuine



A beautiful day at sea, with all hands on deck.



Probably the last formation of the detachment before being mustered out.

emotional experiences and came out of it better men. They were a rare and fortunate minority.

"Another extraordinary thing to me has been the absence of much talk, aside from discussions of military movements, on the War itself—its origins, its rightness and what we may expect the future to be as a result of it—or any one of a number of similar problems. Perhaps we talked ourselves out on that subject before we personally got into it. Here we've spent a precious year of our lives—and we take its consequences with scarcely a thought. Everybody of course thinks we fought a war to save civilization from chaos, that it was a just war, and that we, because we were right, were ultimately victorious. We realize vaguely that the British, French and Italians had a hand in the winning of it—but after all it took good old Uncle Sam to really turn the trick. It's probably just as well to think so—certainly it won't do much good to think of the War in abstractions.

"I'm convinced that in the main we joined up for reasons which are specific and right down to earth. It amounted to something like this: 'America is in the War, the Allies are in a bad spot, and we've got to help them to save our own hide. Sooner to later, every American male will have to get into it. It's a disagreeable job, but it has to be done. Furthermore, it's a lot more fun and a lot easier to be in the Army than to stay at home, so here goes.' I get a good laugh when I think of those conversations we had at the house in front of the fire back in April, 1917. You probably blush too if you think about them at all!

"This is also a time for intimate soul-searching, or perhaps I should say a time to take inventory. I can't help thinking of H. . . . He has every reason to be proud of the record he has made for himself. He was in on things almost from the start. He took to the military life quickly and saw action in several engagements, and from what I hear from R . . . and B . . . , who were with him during the worst of it, he conducted himself as we all knew he would. His Battalion Commander, who went through our hospital, also told me several nice things about him.

"We, on the other hand, have led the lives of non-combatants, safe many miles behind the lines. We have eaten regularly and we have slept dry and comfortably. The medical officers in this outfit have done good work—and have not spared themselves. They have done well what they were best fitted for. The nurses particularly have merited all the kind words which have been said of them. Actually this is a tough life for women. Deprived of even the most ordinary conveniences, working always under difficulties, long hours and much beyond their strength, they have every reason to feel proud of what they have done.

"We, the enlisted men, have few such moments of pride or exultation. Seeing some of these boys come back from the front badly mutilated has given me some pretty bad moments. Here was I, a big husky chap, in a safe spot—while many of my friends were up in the lines daring everything. Never once, however, much to my surprise, did any of these wounded boys give us the sneer superior. They were infinitely grateful for what we did for them, and this helped a lot.

"Truthfully, many of this Unit, for one reason or another, are Aviation, Infantry, Artillery, O. T. C. rejects—dating back to the early days when the physical standards were high. When we signed up few of us knew exactly what we were up against and, if we had known, many would not have gone through with it. As a matter of fact, if the War had gone on much longer, many of our men would have been transferred to other branches of the

service more to their liking and experience. We try to rationalize our situation by thinking that we did a necessary job, that the job was worth doing and doing well, and that we shirked no responsibility or task assigned to us. During the rush we worked hard—night and day—and for that we can take some degree of comfort.

“Tonight, when Taps is blown for the last time, I know I shall come pretty close to bawling like a child. It always gets me. It’s beautiful in a mournful sort of way, and you have to be pretty hardboiled not to feel it.

“This letter has been interrupted several times to tell some particularly noisy cuss to ‘pipe down.’ I didn’t expect to talk out loud at such length. But here it is, and I guess you’ll have to take it!

“After a week in New York with the folks, I shall head north for ——. I hope you will be there by the first of June, so we can get together. My job won’t start until after the 4th of July . . .”

FINIS

48

Honor Roll
for
Distinguished Service



LIEUTENANT COLONEL WILLIAM F. HONAN

*Citation for Conspicuous and Meritorious Service
by Commander-in-Chief, A. E. F.*

LIEUTENANT COLONEL FREDERICK M. DEARBORN

*Citation for Conspicuous and Meritorious Service
by Commander-in-Chief, A. E. F.*

CAPTAIN HARRY E. VANDER BOGART

Gassed in Action . . . Croix de Guerre.

LIEUTENANT ALFRED A. RICHMAN

Gassed in Action.

HEADQUARTERS HOSPITAL CENTER A.P.O. 780

February 7, 1919.

Medical Board, Metropolitan Hospital,
Dept. Public Charities, City of New York.

Gentlemen:

It gives me great pleasure to report on the splendid work done here at Mars Hospital Center by Base Hospital No. 48, organized from the Metropolitan Hospital of New York, Lieut. Col. Frederick M. Dearborn being the Chairman of your Committee, Lieut. Col. William F. Honan the Director of the Unit, and under the command of Lieut. Col. William D. Herbert, U.S. Army.

Base Hospital No. 48 reported at Mars Hospital Center on July 25th, 1918, and, with Base Hospital No. 68, cared for the first train of patients which arrived here on August 2nd. From that time on until sometime after the armistice was signed, this hospital has been constantly busy, having handled a large number of cases and always with great professional credit. The work at times has been exceedingly hard for the professional personnel as many of the doctors were called to the front, leaving us very short-handed at the rear. Colonel Honan's work in the Surgical Department has been especially noticeable. In spite of being so short-handed, the work of all the specialties has been carried on in a very satisfactory manner. The senior dentist, Captain Carlton B. Leighton, was appointed Dental Consultant for the Center, and has done work of very high order. Lieut. Col. Dearborn was detached the second day after arriving here to help establish the Convalescent Camp and other work at Mesves Hospital Center. He was returned from there and put in command of our Convalescent Camp, which is the biggest single organization in the Center. Colonel Dearborn's splendid military training admirably fitted him for this position, which has been a difficult one, and has been most successfully carried to a conclusion, as the Camp was finally closed on January 31st, 1919. During this time Colonel Dearborn also acted as Dermatological Consultant for the Center and did a large amount of excellent work.

I have only praise and commendation for the splendid, unselfish work of every member of this organization, officers, nurses and enlisted men. The character of the enlisted men was especially high and the discipline of the command has been most satisfactory. It was a great help to me as Commanding Officer of the Center to be able to call on Base Hospital No. 48 for so many men, and I availed myself freely of their ability.

Congratulating you upon furnishing the army with so splendid a unit, I am,

Very sincerely,

(Signed) GEORGE A. SKINNER,

Colonel M. C., Commanding Center.

NECROLOGY

Edward Gurry	<i>Died in France</i>	October 20, 1918
Margaret Worth	<i>Died in France</i>	October 23, 1918
Elizabeth Weiman	<i>Died in France</i>	November 6, 1918
Anna M. Breen	<i>Died in France</i>	November 17, 1918
Harold Riggs	<i>Died in France</i>	February 11, 1919
Sterling Millard		February 2, 1920
Leslie Riedel		September 5, 1920
John Furman, Jr.		September 19, 1920
Dr. James D. Miller		December 2, 1924
Salvadore Amendola		May 12, 1926
Lieut. Harry A. Bickford		May 30, 1926
Dr. George P. DeTunq		October 16, 1927
Edward F. Lavelle		December 28, 1928
Dr. J. W. Stephenson		March 8, 1930
Dr. Edward G. Randall		July 4, 1932
Reverend Walter O'Brien		October 31, 1932
Dr. Carlton B. Leighton		April 17, 1933
Roy Reynolds		July 9, 1933
Charles F. Winkler		September 29, 1933
Harry W. Honan		May 20, 1935
Lawrence E. Barnes		September 20, 1935
Dr. William Francis Honan		October 6, 1935
Thomas Supple		February 23, 1936
Wilmurt C. Kronmiller		July 14, 1936
John J. O'Keefe		—, 1937
Robert Howarth		January 21, 1937
Edwin Heyward		July 29, 1937
Harold Taylor		September 28, 1937
Wm. R. Stephens, Jr.		November 10, 1937
Richard W. Cahill		June 4, 1938
Dr. Edward P. Clark		September 5, 1938
Dr. Frank W. Mathewson		July 6, 1939

DATES UNKNOWN

Blanche Parsons
 Mrs. Eva Leveque-Lussier
 Shennie Lewis
 Lucy W. Scattergood

Personnel of Base Hospital No. 48

Commissioned Personnel

<i>Name.</i>	<i>Rank.</i>	<i>Final Rank.</i>	<i>Address.</i>
Stanley E. Alderson	1st Lieut. M.C.	1st Lieut. M.C.	Little Falls, N. Y.
Ralph N. Arnold	1st Lieut. M.C.	1st Lieut. M.C.	Greenfield, Ind.
Maurice A. Barnard	1st Lieut. M.C.	1st Lieut. M.C.	Rochester, N. Y.
Harry A. Bickford	2nd Lieut. Q.M.C.	2nd Lieut. Q.M.C.	Lunenburg, Mass.
Detached from the Unit at Roanne, France in September 1918.			
Gustavus M. Blech	Major M.C.	Lieut. Col. M.C.	Chicago, Ill.
Attached for temporary duty in France.			
Karl B. Bretzfelder	1st Lieut. M.C.	1st Lieut. M.C.	New Haven, Conn.
John B. Broderick	Sergt. M.D.	1st Lieut. S.C.	New York, N. Y.
Sick in hospital on date of Unit's sailing. Joined later in France.			
Samuel C. Calvert	Captain S.C.	Captain S.C.	Washington, D. C.
Francis T. Chase	1st Lieut. M.C.	1st Lieut. M.C.	Utica, N. Y.
Brian Clark	Sergt. M.D.	2nd Lieut. S.C.	Utica, N. Y.
Detached to Convalescent Camp, Mars Hospital Center, France.			
Edward P. Clark	1st Lieut. M.C.	Captain M.C.	Los Angeles, Cal.
Claude C. Crum	Captain M.C.	Captain M.C.	Jeffersonville, Ind.
Attached for temporary duty in France.			
Thomas F. Davies	1st Lieut. M.C.	Captain M.C.	Floral Park, N. Y.
Frederick M. Dearborn	Major M.C.	Lieut. Col. M.C.	New York, N. Y.
George P. De Tuncq	1st Lieut. M.C.	1st Lieut. M.C.	Wausau, Wis.
Simon B. Diefenbach	Sergt. M.D.	2nd Lieut. S.C.	Utica, N. Y.
Thomas Fletcher	Sergt. M.D.	2nd Lieut. S.C.	Utica, N. Y.
Detached to Convalescent Camp, Mars Hospital Center, France.			
Maurice E. Frohlich	1st Lieut. Q.M.C.	1st Lieut. Q.M.C.	Selma, Ala.
Joined Unit at Roanne, France in September 1918.			
Arthur R. Grant	Major M.C.	Major M.C.	Utica, N. Y.
Frederick B. Grosvenor	1st Lieut. M.C.	Captain M.C.	Columbus, O.
William D. Herbert	Major M.C.	Lieut. Col. M.C.	York, Pa.
Llewellyn E. Hetrick	Captain M.C.	Captain M.C.	New York, N. Y.
Returned with Unit to U.S.			
James Honan	Sergt. M.D.	1st Lieut. S.C.	Mt. Vernon, N. Y.
William F. Honan	Major M.C.	Lieut. Col. M.C.	New York, N. Y.
Returned with Unit to U.S.			
William H. Hynard	1st Lieut. D.C.	1st Lieut. D.C.	New York, N. Y.
Miles W. Johns	Captain M.C.	Captain M.C.	Utica, N. Y.
Adolph S. Kramer	1st Lieut. M.C.	1st Lieut. M.C.	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Detached from Unit before departure for overseas.			
Carlton B. Leighton	1st Lieut. D.C.	Captain D.C.	Portland, Me.
Joseph L. Mastaglio	1st Lieut. Chaplain	1st Lieut.	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Joined Unit in France, October 1, 1918.			
Frank W. Mathewson	1st Lieut. M.C.	Captain M.C.	New Bedford, Mass.
Detached from Unit before departure for overseas.			
James D. Miller	1st Lieut. M.C.	Captain M.C.	Pasadena, Cal.
Louis A. Molony	Captain M.C.	Captain M.C.	Cincinnati, O.
Attached for temporary duty in France.			
Walter O'Brien	1st Lieut. Chaplain	1st Lieut.	Martinsburg, W. Va.
Detached from Unit before departure for overseas.			
George P. Olcott, Jr.	1st Lieut. M.C.	Major M.C.	East Orange, N. J.

<i>Name.</i>	<i>Rank.</i>	<i>Final Rank.</i>	<i>Address.</i>
William E. Parks Attached for temporary duty in France.	1st Lieut. M.C.	Captain M.C.	New Milford, Pa.
Edward G. Randall	Captain M.C.	Captain M.C.	Waterville, N. Y.
Harry C. Reynolds	Captain M.C.	Major M.C.	Passaic, N. J.
Alfred A. Richman	1st Lieut. M.C.	1st Lieut. M.C.	New York, N. Y.
John H. Robertson	1st Lieut. M.C.	1st Lieut. M.C.	Johnson City, N. Y.
Charles D. Saul	1st Lieut. M.C.	Captain M.C.	Philadelphia, Pa.
Fred P. Schenkelberger Detached from Unit before departure for overseas.	1st Lieut. M.C.	1st Lieut. M.C.	Norwich, Conn.
Karl B. Simpson	1st Lieut. M.C.	Captain M.C.	Carnegie, Pa.
Junius W. Stephenson	Captain M.C.	Major M.C.	New York, N. Y.
Milton I. Strahl	1st Lieut. M.C.	Captain M.C.	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Everett A. Tyler	1st Lieut. M.C.	1st Lieut. M.C.	Philadelphia, Pa.
Harry E. Vander Bogart	1st Lieut. M.C.	1st Lieut. M.C.	Goshen, Ind.
Robert V. White	1st Lieut. M.C.	Captain M.C.	Seranton, Pa.
Milton J. Wilson	1st Lieut. M.C.	1st Lieut. M.C.	New York, N. Y.
Archie D. Woodmansee	1st Lieut. M.C.	1st Lieut. M.C.	Wash. Court House, O.
Myron A. Zacks	1st Lieut. M.C.	1st Lieut. M.C.	Philadelphia, Pa.

Enlisted Personnel

Alfred G. Ablitzer Joined Unit, Ft. McHenry, Md. A.E.F. Feb. 1919.	Sergeant	Utica, N. Y.
Robert Allison Original detachment mobilized March 6, 1918.	Private 1st Class	Wilkinsburg, Pa.
Salvadore Amendola Joined Unit Ft. McHenry, Md.	Private 1st Class	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Elmer Armstrong Original detachment mobilized March 6, 1918.	Private 1st Class	Rahway, N. J.
Frederick Bailey Original detachment mobilized March 6, 1918.	Private 1st Class	Utica, N. Y.
Walter Bamman Original detachment mobilized March 6, 1918.	Private 1st Class	Asbury Park, N. J.
Norbert Bankert Original detachment mobilized March 6, 1918.	Private 1st Class	Utica, N. Y.
Raymond Bankert Original detachment mobilized March 6, 1918.	Private 1st Class	Utica, N. Y.
Lawrence E. Barnes Joined Unit, Ft. McHenry, Md.	Private 1st Class	Yorkville, N. Y.
Raymond Barrett Original detachment mobilized March 6, 1918.	Private 1st Class	Bradley Beach, N. J.
Thomas Bartozzi Original detachment mobilized March 6, 1918.	Cook	New York, N. Y.
Samuel Bass Joined Unit, Ft. McHenry, Md.	Private 1st Class	Washington, D. C.
Harry Bayliss Original detachment mobilized March 6, 1918.	Private 1st Class	Utica, N. Y.
Stanley Beck Original detachment mobilized March 6, 1918.	Sergeant	Camden, N. J.
Fred M. Bigelow Joined Unit, Ft. McHenry, Md.	Private 1st Class	Waterville, N. Y.

Roy Boles	Sergeant	Chestertown, N. Y.
Original detachment mobilized March 6, 1918.		
Harrison Bonnel	Private 1st Class	Union, N. J.
Joined Unit, Ft. McHenry, Md.		
Herman Borgstede	Private 1st Class	Palisades, N. J.
Original detachment mobilized March 6, 1918.		
Archibald Bowle	Sergeant 1st class	New York, N. Y.
Original detachment mobilized March 6, 1918. Discharged to accept commission, May 21, 1918.		
Benjamin J. Brady	Private 1st Class	Utica, N. Y.
Joined Unit, Ft. McHenry, Md. Transferred to Casual Camp, Camp Merritt, N. J. Rejoined Unit in France.		
Arthur Brennan	Private 1st Class	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Joined Unit, Ft. McHenry, Md.		
Samuel Brewster	Private 1st Class	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Original detachment mobilized March 6, 1918. Transferred to General Hospital No. 2, June 20, 1918.		
John Broderick	Sergeant	New York, N. Y.
Original detachment mobilized March 6, 1918. Discharged to accept commission, June 11, 1918.		
Thomas Broderick	Sergeant	New York, N. Y.
Original detachment mobilized March 6, 1918.		
Alfred Brooks	Private 1st Class	Rahway, N. J.
Original detachment mobilized March 6, 1918.		
Harold Brown	Private 1st Class	West Bloomfield, N. J.
Original detachment mobilized March 6, 1918.		
Scott Brown	Sergeant	Frankfort, N. Y.
Original detachment mobilized March 6, 1918. Transferred to Ft. Jay, June 19, 1918.		
Charles Buddle	Private 1st Class	Utica, N. Y.
Joined Unit, Ft. McHenry, Md.		
Robert Buffo	Cook	New York, N. Y.
Joined Unit, Ft. McHenry, Md.		
Bernard R. Burke	Private 1st Class	Utica, N. Y.
Joined Unit, Ft. McHenry, Md.		
Daniel T. Burke	Private 1st Class	Vernon, N. Y.
Joined Unit, Ft. McHenry, Md.		
William Burrows	Sergeant	New York, N. Y.
Original detachment mobilized March 6, 1918.		
Richard W. Cahill	Private 1st Class	Utica, N. Y.
Joined Unit, Ft. McHenry, Md.		
Samuel R. Campbell	Private 1st Class	Utica, N. Y.
Joined Unit, Ft. McHenry, Md.		
Horatio L. Canter	Private 1st Class	Baltimore, Md.
Joined Unit, Ft. McHenry, Md.		
Andrew Caretto	Private 1st Class	Baldwins, N. Y.
Original detachment mobilized March 6, 1918. Transferred to Base Hospital, Camp Mills, N. Y. June 30, 1918.		
Adolfo Carnevale	Private	New York, N. Y.
Joined Unit, Ft. McHenry, Md.		
Robert Christie	Corporal	New York, N. Y.
Original detachment mobilized March 6, 1918.		
Brian Clark	Sergeant 1st class	Utica, N. Y.
Original detachment mobilized March 6, 1918. Discharged to accept commission, Nov. 4, 1918 in A.E.F.		

Edwin Clarke	Private	Clinton, N. Y.
Original detachment mobilized March 6, 1918. Discharged to accept commission, June 18, 1918.		
Robert Clifford	Corporal	New York, N. Y.
Original detachment mobilized March 6, 1918.		
William Conklin	Private 1st Class	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Original detachment mobilized March 6, 1918.		
George Conrad	Corporal	Utica, N. Y.
Original detachment mobilized March 6, 1918.		
Francis Courneen	Private 1st Class	Honeoye Falls, N. Y.
Original detachment mobilized March 6, 1918.		
Thomas Craig	Private 1st Class	New York, N. Y.
Joined Unit, Ft. McHenry, Md.		
Simon Daniel	Private 1st Class	New York, N. Y.
Original detachment mobilized March 6, 1918.		
James Darragh	Sergeant	Pittsburgh, Pa.
Original detachment mobilized March 6, 1918.		
David Davis	Private	New York, N. Y.
Joined Unit, Ft. McHenry, Md. Transferred to General Hospital No. 2, June 20, 1918.		
Ellis Defibaugh	Private 1st Class	Wilkesburg, Pa.
Original detachment mobilized March 6, 1918.		
Vincent Delahunt	Private 1st Class	West New York, N. J.
Original detachment mobilized March 6, 1918.		
Edward G. Demarest	Private 1st Class	Crandell, N. J.
Joined Unit, Ft. McHenry, Md.		
Simon Diefenbach	Hospital Sergeant	Utica, N. Y.
Original detachment mobilized March 6, 1918. Discharged to accept commission, Nov. 7, 1918 in A.E.F.		
John Dietz	Private 1st Class	Belleville, Ill.
Original detachment mobilized March 6, 1918.		
Howard Dixon	Private Q.M.C.	Topeka, Kans.
Attached to Unit at Roanne, France, August 11, 1918.		
Harold Dodge	Private 1st Class	Utica, N. Y.
Original detachment mobilized March 6, 1918.		
Edward Doeberl	Private 1st Class	Greenwich, Conn.
Joined Unit, Ft. McHenry, Md.		
Emmett J. Dooley	Private 1st Class	Rome, N. Y.
Joined Unit, Ft. McHenry, Md.		
Frank Dowling, Jr.	Private 1st Class	Hartsdale, N. Y.
Original detachment mobilized March 6, 1918.		
George H. Drake	Private 1st Class	New York, N. Y.
Joined Unit, Ft. McHenry, Md.		
Charles Dugan	Private 1st Class	New Hartford, N. Y.
Original detachment mobilized March 6, 1918. Transferred to General Hospital No. 2, May 23, 1918.		
Duncan Dunbar	Private 1st Class	Hackensack, N. J.
Original detachment mobilized March 6, 1918. Transferred in France to Red Cross.		
Albert C. Durr	Corporal	Utica, N. Y.
Joined Unit, Ft. McHenry, Md.		
Ray English	Private 1st Class	Newark, N. J.
Original detachment mobilized March 6, 1918.		
William Evans	Sergeant	Utica, N. Y.
Original detachment mobilized March 6, 1918.		
William Falk	Private 1st Class	Utica, N. Y.
Original detachment mobilized March 6, 1918.		

Everett Falkner	Corporal	Utica, N. Y.
Original detachment mobilized March 6, 1918.		
Joseph Farley	Private 1st Class	Utica, N. Y.
Original detachment mobilized March 6, 1918.		
William Felton	Sergeant	New York, N. Y.
Original detachment mobilized March 6, 1918.		
John B. Fensterer	Private 1st Class	Floral Park, N. Y.
Joined Unit, Ft. McHenry, Md.		
Gerald F. Finn	Corporal	Utica, N. Y.
Joined Unit, Ft. McHenry, Md.		
John Fiorillo	Private	New York, N. Y.
Original detachment mobilized March 6, 1918.		
Harry Flaxman	Private 1st Class	Brighton Beach, N. Y.
Original detachment mobilized March 6, 1918.		
Thomas Fletcher	Sergeant	Utica, N. Y.
Original detachment mobilized March 6, 1918. Discharged Nov. 22, 1918 in A.E.F.		to accept commission,
Joseph M. Flynn	Cook	New York, N. Y.
Joined Unit, Ft. McHenry, Md.		
Walter Foley	Sergeant	Utica, N. Y.
Original detachment mobilized March 6, 1918.		
Tony Fontanelli	Private	Albany, N. Y.
Attached to Unit, Mars, France, October 25, 1918.		
Louis G. Fowler	Private 1st Class	Auburn, N. Y.
Joined Unit, Ft. McHenry, Md.		
Ephraim Freedman	Sergeant 1st class	New York, N. Y.
Joined Unit, Ft. McHenry, Md. Transferred to Newport News, Va. July 2, 1918.		
Owen Frisbie	Private 1st Class	Westfield, N. J.
Joined Unit, Ft. McHenry, Md.		
John Furman, Jr.	Private 1st Class	Newark, N. J.
Original detachment mobilized March 6, 1918. Deceased.		
Charles Gaffney	Sergeant	Sauquoit, N. Y.
Original detachment mobilized March 6, 1918. Transferred		to Peace Conference, Paris.
William Garrigues, Jr.	Private 1st Class	Plainfield, N. J.
Original detachment mobilized March 6, 1918.		
Alfred Gates	Private 1st Class	Honeoye Falls, N. Y.
Original detachment mobilized March 6, 1918.		
Nick Gianatiempo	Private 1st Class	New York, N. Y.
Joined Unit, Ft. McHenry, Md. Discharged in France.		
Andrew Gill, Jr.	Cook	New York, N. Y.
Joined Unit, Ft. McHenry, Md.		
Virgil Gilles	Private 1st Class	Utica, N. Y.
Original detachment mobilized March 6, 1918.		
Constant Girardi	Cook	New York, N. Y.
Original detachment mobilized March 6, 1918.		
Arthur M. Gleason	Private	Utica, N. Y.
Joined Unit, Ft. McHenry, Md. Transferred to General Hospital No. 2, June 20, 1918.		
Herbert M. Goldsmith	Private 1st Class	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Joined Unit, Ft. McHenry, Md.		
Wilbur Goodrich	Private 1st Class	Pittsburgh, Pa.
Original detachment mobilized March 6, 1918.		
Harold Granger	Private 1st Class	Utica, N. Y.
Original detachment mobilized March 6, 1918. Transferred to Base Hospital, Camp Mills, June 30, 1918. Rejoined Unit in France.		
Ralph Grayburn	Private 1st Class	Wilkinsburg, Pa.
Original detachment mobilized March 6, 1918.		

Edward N. Grossman	Cook	Utica, N. Y.
Joined Unit, Ft. McHenry, Md.		
Edward Gurry	Private 1st Class	Utica, N. Y.
Original detachment mobilized March 6, 1918.		
<i>Died in France of pneumonia Oct. 20, 1918.</i>		
George H. Haas	Sergeant	Meriden, Conn.
Joined Unit, Ft. McHenry, Md.		
John Hallam	Sergeant	New York, N. Y.
Joined Unit, Ft. McHenry, Md.		
Adoniram Harmount, Jr.	Corporal	Branford, Conn.
Original detachment mobilized March 6, 1918.		
Henry Harris	Private 1st Class	New York, N. Y.
Original detachment mobilized March 6, 1918.		
Webster Harris	Private 1st Class	Newport, N. Y.
Original detachment mobilized March 6, 1918.		
Wesley Harris	Private 1st Class	Utica, N. Y.
Joined Unit, Ft. McHenry, Md.		
Merritt Hartson	Private 1st Class	New Haven, Conn.
Original detachment mobilized March 6, 1918.		
Herman Helm	Private 1st Class	New York, N. Y.
Original detachment mobilized March 6, 1918.		
Eli Herrick	Sergeant	Watertown, N. Y.
Original detachment mobilized March 6, 1918.		
Edwin Heyward	Private 1st Class	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Original detachment mobilized March 6, 1918.		
Merrill S. Hinkal	Cook	Williamsport, Pa.
Joined Unit, Ft. McHenry, Md. Transferred to General Hospital No. 2, June 20, 1918.		
Clarence Hoffman	Private 1st Class	Utica, N. Y.
Original detachment mobilized March 6, 1918.		
Henry W. Honan	Sergeant 1st class	Elmira, N. Y.
Joined Unit, Ft. McHenry, Md.		
James Honan	Sergeant 1st class	Chicago, Ill.
Original detachment mobilized March 6, 1918. Discharged to accept commission, June 11, 1918.		
George Hopper	Sergeant 1st class	Maysville, Ky.
Original detachment mobilized March 6, 1918.		
Robert Howarth	Private	Utica, N. Y.
Joined Unit, Ft. McHenry, Md. Transferred to Ordnance Corps, April 28, 1918.		
Walter Hubbard	Corporal	Guilford, Conn.
Original detachment mobilized March 6, 1918.		
Dennis Hughes	Corporal	Utica, N. Y.
Original detachment mobilized March 6, 1918.		
Albert Johnston	Private 1st Class	Highland Falls, N. Y.
Original detachment mobilized March 6, 1918.		
Robert L. Johnston	Sergeant	Wilmington, N. C.
Joined Unit, Ft. McHenry, Md. Transferred to Tours, A.E.F., Feb. 11, 1919.		
Clarence Jones	Private 1st Class	New York, N. Y.
Original detachment mobilized March 6, 1918.		
Miles W. Jones	Private 1st Class	Utica, N. Y.
Joined Unit, Ft. McHenry, Md.		
Wardwell W. Jones	Corporal	Utica, N. Y.
Joined Unit, Ft. McHenry, Md.		
Harrie Joyce	Corporal	Utica, N. Y.
Original detachment mobilized March 6, 1918.		

Henry H. Kahn	Private	Freeport, N. Y.
Joined Unit, Ft. McHenry, Md.	Transferred to General Hospital No. 2, June 20, 1918.	
Arthur Knopp	Private	New York, N. Y.
Joined Unit, Ft. McHenry, Md.	Transferred to General Hospital No. 2, June 20, 1918.	
Otto Krauss	Private	New York, N. Y.
Joined Unit, Ft. McHenry, Md.	Transferred to General Hospital No. 2, June 20, 1918.	
Wilmurt C. Kronmiller	Private 1st Class	Utica, N. Y.
Joined Unit, Ft. McHenry, Md.		
John E. Lahey	Private 1st Class	New High Park, N. Y.
Joined Unit, Ft. McHenry, Md.		
Edward F. Lavelle	Private 1st Class	Scranton, Pa.
Joined Unit, Ft. McHenry, Md.		
James Lawson	Private 1st Class	New York, N. Y.
Original detachment mobilized March 6, 1918.		
Arthur H. Ledger	Private 1st Class	Worcester, Mass.
Joined Unit, Ft. McHenry, Md.	Transferred to Police Bureau, Paris, Jan. 12, 1919.	
Leroy Ledwell	Private	Utica, N. Y.
Original detachment mobilized March 6, 1918.	Transferred to General Hospital No. 2, June 20, 1918.	
Ralph Ledwell	Private 1st Class	Utica, N. Y.
Original detachment mobilized March 6, 1918.	Transferred in France.	
Joseph Lefton	Private 1st Class	Astoria, N. Y.
Original detachment mobilized March 6, 1918.		
Raymond Lenhardt	Sergeant	Utica, N. Y.
Original detachment mobilized March 6, 1918.		
James Lowery	Sergeant 1st class	Utica, N. Y.
Original detachment mobilized March 6, 1918.		
Chancellor Mackeown	Private 1st Class	New York, N. Y.
Original detachment mobilized March 6, 1918.		
Martin Matheson	Private 1st Class	New York, N. Y.
Original detachment mobilized March 6, 1918.		
Francis Matt	Private 1st Class	Utica, N. Y.
Original detachment mobilized March 6, 1918.		
William B. Mauger	Sergeant	Danville, Pa.
Joined Unit, Ft. McHenry, Md.		
James McBride	Private 1st Class	Utica, N. Y.
Original detachment mobilized March 6, 1918.		
James McCue	Private 1st Class	New York, N. Y.
Joined Unit, Ft. McHenry, Md.		
Page McGirr	Private 1st Class	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Original detachment mobilized March 6, 1918.		
Joseph McLean	Sergeant 1st class	New York, N. Y.
Original detachment mobilized March 6, 1918.		
James H. McLoughlin, Jr.	Private 1st Class	Utica, N. Y.
Joined Unit, Ft. McHenry, Md.		
Benjamin Meltzer	Private 1st Class	New York, N. Y.
Original detachment mobilized March 6, 1918.		
Arthur Mengel, Jr.	Private	Sylvan Beach, N. Y.
Original detachment mobilized March 6, 1918.	Transferred to Savenay, France as Class "D" patient, Dec. 23, 1918.	
Andrew J. Merva	Corporal	Nanticoke, Pa.
Joined Unit, Ft. McHenry, Md.		
Sterling Millard	Sergeant 1st class	Utica, N. Y.
Original detachment mobilized March 6, 1918.	Deceased.	

Isaac Mindheim	Private 1st Class	New York, N. Y.
Original detachment mobilized March 6, 1918.		
John Moncuso	Private 1st Class	Utica, N. Y.
Joined Unit, Ft. McHenry, Md.		
Frank M. Moran	Sergeant	Carbondale, Pa.
Joined Unit, Ft. McHenry, Md.		
Findley Morris	Private 1st Class	Portsmouth, O.
Original detachment mobilized March 6, 1918.		
James K. Morrow	Private 1st Class	Walton, N. Y.
Joined Unit, Ft. McHenry, Md.		
David Mulcahy	Private 1st Class	Floral Park, N. Y.
Joined Unit, Ft. McHenry, Md.		
Gordon Mullins	Private 1st Class	New York, N. Y.
Original detachment mobilized March 6, 1918.		
Joseph H. Murray	Private 1st Class	Utica, N. Y.
Joined Unit, Ft. McHenry, Md.		
Max Neustine	Private (Casual)	New York, N. Y.
Attached to Unit, Mars, France, December 2, 1918.		Transferred at St. Nazaire, France.
Walter Nieheiser	Private 1st Class	New York, N. Y.
Original detachment mobilized March 6, 1918.		
Archie Nieman	Cook	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Original detachment mobilized March 6, 1918.		
George Oberreuter, Jr.	Private 1st Class	New York, N. Y.
Original detachment mobilized March 6, 1918.		
McKendree O'Brien	Private 1st Class	Honeove Falls, N. Y.
Original detachment mobilized March 6, 1918.		
Edson O'Donoghue	Private 1st Class	Utica, N. Y.
Original detachment mobilized March 6, 1918.		
John J. O'Keefe	Private 1st Class	San Francisco, Cal.
Attached to Unit, Mars, France, October 9, 1918.		
James F. O'Leary	Private 1st Class	Utica, N. Y.
Joined Unit, Ft. McHenry, Md.		
Clyde Overholtz	Cook	New York, N. Y.
Joined Unit, Ft. McHenry, Md.		
Chester Owen	Sergeant	Utica, N. Y.
Original detachment mobilized March 6, 1918.		
Arthur Pariser	Private 1st Class	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Original detachment mobilized March 6, 1918.		
Henry Perry	Private 1st Class	Utica, N. Y.
Original detachment mobilized March 6, 1918.		
Leon Peterson	Private	Waupaca, Wis.
Joined Unit, Ft. McHenry, Md.		Transferred to General Hospital No. 2, June 20, 1918.
Edmund Philipp	Sergeant 1st class	Utica, N. Y.
Original detachment mobilized March 6, 1918.		
Dominic Phillipo	Private 1st Class	Saugatuck, Conn.
Joined Unit, Ft. McHenry, Md.		
James S. Pierce	Private 1st Class	Machias, N. Y.
Joined Unit, Ft. McHenry, Md.		
Phillip Pitcher	Private	Utica, N. Y.
Original detachment mobilized March 6, 1918.		Transferred to General Hospital No. 2,
May 23, 1918.		
Harrison Pringle	Sergeant 1st class	Utica, N. Y.
Original detachment mobilized March 6, 1918.		
Arthur Pughe	Corporal	Utica, N. Y.
Original detachment mobilized March 6, 1918.		Transferred in France to Red Cross.

James Raab	Sergeant	Utica, N. Y.
Original detachment mobilized March 6, 1918.		
Mercer D. Rankin	Private	Terre Haute, Ind.
Attached to Unit, Mars, France, October 12, 1918.		
Earl Regin	Private 1st Class	Clinton, N. Y.
Original detachment mobilized March 6, 1918.		
Roy Reynolds	Cook	Warwick, Pa.
Original detachment mobilized March 6, 1918.		
Leslie Riedel	Sergeant 1st class	Utica, N. Y.
Original detachment mobilized March 6, 1918. Deceased.		
Harold Riggs	Private 1st Class	Utica, N. Y.
Original detachment mobilized March 6, 1918.		
<i>Died of pneumonia in France, Feb. 11, 1919.</i>		
Robert Riggs	Private 1st Class	Philadelphia, Pa.
Original detachment mobilized March 6, 1918.		
Francis S. Rosse	Sergeant 1st class	Washington, D. C.
Joined Unit, Camp Mills, N. Y. Jan. 29, 1918. Transferred to Tours, A.E.F., Feb. 11, 1919.		
Edward A. Ruhfel	Sergeant	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Joined Unit, Ft. McHenry, Md. Transferred to Headquarters Mars Hospital Center, Jan. 15, 1919.		
Samuel Russel	Sergeant 1st class	New York, N. Y.
Original detachment mobilized March 6, 1918. Transferred to Headquarters Mars Hospital Center, A.E.F. Jan. 15, 1919.		
Daniel Russo	Private 1st Class	New York, N. Y.
Joined Unit, Ft. McHenry, Md.		
Raymond Ryan	Private 1st Class	Newport, N. Y.
Original detachment mobilized March 6, 1918.		
Martin Sacco	Corporal	Utica, N. Y.
Original detachment mobilized March 6, 1918.		
Sylvester Santen	Private 1st Class	Utica, N. Y.
Original detachment mobilized March 6, 1918.		
Carmine Scala, Jr.	Private 1st Class	Utica, N. Y.
Original detachment mobilized March 6, 1918.		
Benjamin Schaffer	Private 1st Class	New York, N. Y.
Original detachment mobilized March 6, 1918.		
Joseph Scheuer	Private 1st Class	New York, N. Y.
Original detachment mobilized March 6, 1918. Transferred to General Hospital No. 2, June 20, 1918.		
Arthur Schraeder	Private 1st Class	New York, N. Y.
Original detachment mobilized March 6, 1918.		
Carl H. Schultz	Cook	Utica, N. Y.
Joined Unit, Ft. McHenry, Md.		
Eugene Schuman	Private 1st Class	Pittsburgh, Pa.
Original detachment mobilized March 6, 1918.		
Donald G. Schwab	Private 1st Class	Rockdale, Mass.
Joined Unit, Ft. McHenry, Md.		
Benjamin Shapiro	Private 1st Class	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Original detachment mobilized March 6, 1918.		
Clarence M. Shaw	Private 1st Class	Putnam, Conn.
Joined Unit, Ft. McHenry, Md.		
Harry Sheinman	Private 1st Class	New York, N. Y.
Original detachment mobilized March 6, 1918.		
Sidney L. Sherman	Private	Toledo, O.
Attached to Unit, Mars, France, October 1, 1918.		

Ralph Sieger	Sergeant	New York, N. Y.
Original detachment mobilized March 6, 1918.		
Alfred Silvernail	Private	New York, N. Y.
Original detachment mobilized March 6, 1918. Discharged to accept commission, March 23, 1918.		
Vincent Sisti	Sergeant	Utica, N. Y.
Original detachment mobilized March 6, 1918.		
Jean Slusser	Private	New York, N. Y.
Original detachment mobilized March 6, 1918. Transferred to General Hospital No. 2, May 23, 1918.		
Edward K. Smith	Private 1st Class	Utica, N. Y.
Joined Unit, Ft. McHenry, Md.		
John Smith	Private 1st Class	Rochester, N. Y.
Original detachment mobilized March 6, 1918.		
Seward G. Smith	Private 1st Class	Utica, N. Y.
Joined Unit, Ft. McHenry, Md.		
Robert Speck	Private	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Original detachment mobilized March 6, 1918. Transferred to Base Hospital No. 68 at Mars, A.E.F.		
Earl Stephens	Cook	Wilkinsburg, Pa.
Original detachment mobilized March 6, 1918.		
Thomas Stephens, Jr.	Private 1st Class	Wilkinsburg, Pa.
Original detachment mobilized March 6, 1918.		
William Stephens, Jr.	Private 1st Class	Wilkinsburg, Pa.
Original detachment mobilized March 6, 1918.		
Leon A. Stetson	Private 1st Class	Waterville, N. Y.
Joined Unit, Ft. McHenry, Md. Transferred in France to Red Cross.		
Sigmund M. Stiefvater	Private 1st Class	Utica, N. Y.
Joined Unit, Ft. McHenry, Md.		
Thomas Supple	Private 1st Class	Utica, N. Y.
Original detachment mobilized March 6, 1918.		
John A. Sutorius	Private	New York, N. Y.
Joined Unit, Ft. McHenry, Md. Transferred to General Hospital No. 2, June 20, 1918.		
Harold Taylor	Sergeant 1st class	Pittsburgh, Pa.
Original detachment mobilized March 6, 1918.		
Frederick Teller	Private 1st Class	Utica, N. Y.
Original detachment mobilized March 6, 1918. Transferred to General Hospital No. 2, June 20, 1918.		
Abijah Thompson	Private 1st Class	Westhampton, N. Y.
Original detachment mobilized March 6, 1918. Transferred to 521st Engineers A.E.F. Dec. 26, 1918.		
Joseph Tonacca	Private (Casual)	West Hoboken, N. J.
Attached to Unit, Mars, France, October 30, 1918.		
John Tunney	Private 1st Class	Utica, N. Y.
Original detachment mobilized March 6, 1918.		
Sidney Upham	Sergeant 1st class	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Original detachment mobilized March 6, 1918.		
Aloysius H. Vaeth	Private 1st Class	Utica, N. Y.
Joined Unit, Ft. McHenry, Md.		
Walter Vander Bogart	Private 1st Class	Wilmington, Ill.
Original detachment mobilized March 6, 1918.		
Ivan Van Haften	Private	East Haven, Conn.
Original detachment mobilized March 6, 1918. Transferred to Ordnance Corps, April 14, 1918.		
Raymond Ward	Private 1st Class	Montclair, N. J.
Original detachment mobilized March 6, 1918. Transferred to General Hospital No. 2, June 20, 1918.		

Alexander Weinstein	Sergeant 1st class	New York, N. Y.
Original detachment mobilized March 6, 1918. Transferred to General Hospital No. 2, June 20, 1918. Later commissioned.		
James Wells	Private 1st Class	New York, N. Y.
Original detachment mobilized March 6, 1918.		
Myron Whitehead	Private 1st Class	New York, N. Y.
Original detachment mobilized March 6, 1918.		
Stuart Whiteside	Corporal	New York, N. Y.
Original detachment mobilized March 6, 1918.		
Raymond H. Wilcox	Private 1st Class	Middletown, Conn.
Joined Unit, Ft. McHenry, Md.		
Jones Wilder	Private 1st Class	New York, N. Y.
Original detachment mobilized March 6, 1918.		
Boon Wilkinson	Private 1st Class	Utica, N. Y.
Original detachment mobilized March 6, 1918.		
Archibald Williams	Private 1st Class	Remsen, N. Y.
Joined Unit, Ft. McHenry, Md.		
Everett K. Williamson	Cook	Liberty, Ind.
Joined Unit Ft. McHenry, Md. Transferred to Headquarters Mars Hospital Center, Jan. 15, 1919.		
Joseph Willis	Private 1st Class	Utica, N. Y.
Original detachment mobilized March 6, 1918.		
Charles F. Winkler	Private 1st Class	New York, N. Y.
Joined Unit, Ft. McHenry, Md.		
Christian A. Winkler	Private 1st Class	New York, N. Y.
Joined Unit, Ft. McHenry, Md.		
Earl Wood.	Corporal	Utica, N. Y.
Original detachment mobilized March 6, 1918.		
Frank J. Wood	Sergeant	Utica, N. Y.
Joined Unit, Ft. McHenry, Md.		
Joseph Woodward	Private 1st Class	New Egypt, N. J.
Original detachment mobilized March 6, 1918.		
Leslie Yule	Private	Paterson, N. J.
Original detachment mobilized March 6, 1918. Transferred to Savenay, France as Class "D" patient, Nov. 23, 1918.		
Joseph Zimarino	Private	Batavia, N. Y.
Attached to Unit, Mars, France, October 25, 1918.		

Nurse Corps Personnel

<i>NAME, and ADDRESS.</i>	<i>GRADUATED FROM</i>
Mary E. Arthur, Monrovia, Cal.	Cuips Hospital, London, England.
Bertha Baildon, Marlboro, N. Y.	General Hospital, Paterson, N. J.
Eunice S. Baines, New York, N. Y.	Hahnemann Hospital, N. Y. City.
M. Florence Baines, New York, N. Y.	Hahnemann Hospital, N. Y. City.
Helene D. Bengsten, Wichita Falls, Tex.	Metropolitan Hospital, N. Y. City.
(Chief Nurse)	
Mildred A. Benham, New York, N. Y.	Hahnemann Hospital, N. Y. City.
Anna M. Breen, New York, N. Y.	St. Vincents Hospital, Staten Is., N. Y.
<i>Died November 17, 1918 in France.</i>	
Edith M. Brennan, Coatesville, Pa.	Hahnemann Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.
Sophie Bruynje, Clifton, N. J.	General Hospital, Passaic, N. J.
Frances Bruton, Mt. Vernon, N. Y.	Hahnemann Hospital, N. Y. City.
Helen M. Chadwick, Pittsburgh, Pa.	Homeopathic Hospital, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Williamina Chalmers, Riverside, Conn.	Flower Hospital, N. Y. City.

NAME, and ADDRESS.

Maude E. Charlton, Spokane, Wash.
Marion M. Cook, New York, N. Y.
Gertrude Copeland, Philadelphia, Pa.
Augusta Doherty, Ottawa, Canada.
Anna M. Donahue, Cambridge, N. Y.
Mary E. Donnelly, Whitehaven, Pa.
Anne E. Drisoll, Mt. Vernon, N. Y.
Kathleen Drisoll, New York, N. Y.
Jane F. Dwyer, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Esther R. Entriken, Providence, R. I.
Eva L. Fawcett, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Nina M. Felker, New York, N. Y.
Ethel M. Ferguson, Philadelphia, Pa.
Agnes L. Foley, Utica, N. Y.
Juliette C. Gibson, Portchester, N. Y.
Caroline Goetchius, Rutherford, N. J.
Jane Goodall, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
Nancy M. Grey, New York, N. Y.
Sarah M. Guss, Yorktown Heights, N. Y.
Mabel M. Haldeman, Willow Grove, Pa.
Nellie Hankins, Lebanon, Pa.
Camille Harkin, Ridgefield, Conn.
Lucy M. Harper, Roxborough, Pa.
Edna L. Hartzell, Nescopeck, Pa.
Maidie Hayden, Great Neck, N. Y.
Cora Hayes, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Kate Hetrick, Asbury Park, N. J.
Nina Highland, New York, N. Y.
Margaret Himmelberger, Jersey City, N. J.
Lillian M. Hitchcock, Greenwich, Conn.
Vera E. Jacques, St. Johnsbury, Vt.
Emmie L. Jenkins, Haskell, N. J.
Alice L. Johnson, El Paso, Tex.
Mary R. Johnston, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Jeanne E. Jones, Utica, N. Y.
Ida M. Keating, Paris, France.
Martha Kingsbury, Ottawa, Canada.
Harriet A. Langwig, Jersey City, N. J.
Olive LeGassick, Earlville, Ia.
Eva J. Leveque, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Shennie Lewis, Rockaway Park, N. Y.
Ruth P. Lindeburg, Newark, N. J.
Mary Line, Providence, R. I.
Gladys M. Livingston, Englewood, N. J.
Hazel Losseff, Deer Island, Me.
Isabella Loughrey, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Loretta MacDonald, Bay Shore, N. Y.
Mary T. MacDonald, Randolph, Me.
Jessie A. Mackay, Worcester, Mass.

GRADUATED FROM

Metropolitan Hospital, N. Y. City.
Metropolitan Hospital, N. Y. City.
Hahnemann Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.
Metropolitan Hospital, N. Y. City.
St. Peters Hospital, Albany, N. Y.
Mercy Hospital, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
Kings County Hospital, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Metropolitan Hospital, N. Y. City.
Brooklyn Hospital, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Hahnemann Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.
Niagara Falls Hospital, Niagara, N. Y.
Broad Street Hospital, Oneida, N. Y.
Arnott-Ogden Hospital, Elmira, N. Y.
St. Lukes Hospital, Utica, N. Y.
Jewish Hospital, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Metropolitan Hospital, N. Y. City.
General Hospital, Saratoga, N. Y.
United Hospital, Portchester, N. Y.
Peekskill Hospital, Peekskill, N. Y.
Hahnemann Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.

Kings County Hospital, Brooklyn, N. Y.
City Hospital, Newark, N. J.
Jewish Hospital, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Laura Franklin Hospital, N. Y. City.
Englewood Hospital, Englewood, N. J.
N. Y. Med. Coll. and Hosp. for Women.
Metropolitan Hospital, N. Y. City.
Hahnemann Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.
Hahnemann Hospital, N. Y. City.

St. Johns Hospital, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Homeopathic Hospital, Rochester, N. Y.
Belfast Infirmary, Ireland.
Peekskill Hospital, Peekskill, N. Y.
St. Peters Hospital, Albany, N. Y.
Long Island College, Brooklyn, N. Y.
N. Y. Med. Coll. and Hosp. for Women.
Hahnemann Hospital, Chicago, Ill.
Brooklyn Hospital, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Royal Infirmary, Dublin, Ireland.
City Hospital, Newark, N. J.
Metropolitan Hospital, N. Y. City.
Hahnemann Hospital, N. Y. City.
Medfield Hospital, Medfield, Mass.
St. Lukes Hospital, Utica, N. Y.
Metropolitan Hospital, N. Y. City.
St. Marys Hospital, Lewiston, Me.
General Hospital, Worcester, Mass.

NAME, and ADDRESS.

Sarah McArthur, New York, N. Y.
 Anna H. McCarthy, Brockton, Mass.
 Jane McElroy, Nyack, N. Y.
 Margaret A. McGrady, Bridgeport, Conn.
 Mary J. Magee, Brooklyn, N. Y.
 Nellie Martin, Sheffield, Mass.
 Adele L. Martyne, Elmira, N. Y.
 Rachel Mease, Palmyre, Pa.
 Dorothea Moir, England.
 Carrie I. Morehead, Wellsville, N. Y.
 Rose H. Nolan, Chicago, Ill.
 Marion L. Page, Mt. Vernon, N. Y.
 Blanche Parsons, Bourbon, Ind.
 Margaret Peloubet, New Providence, R. I.
 Grace Penberthy, Butler, N. J.
 Mollie C. Pifer, Reynoldsville, Pa.
 Gertrude Reid, Oriskany, N. Y.
 Elsie Ritter, Winchester, Va.
 Nellie M. Royer, Chicago, Ill.
 Lucy W. Scattergood, Philadelphia, Pa.
 Margaret A. Shannon, West Philadelphia, Pa.
 Grace A. Shinn, Pelham Manor, N. Y.
 Mary E. Silas, Bridgeport, Conn.
 Levina M. Smith, New York, N. Y.
 Jane K. Spore, Oneida, N. Y.
 Irene Steinberg, Passaic, N. J.
 Elsie C. Street, Gloversville, N. Y.
 Leah F. Sweet, Carthage, N. Y.
 Lillian Taylor, East Pittsburgh, Pa.
 Elizabeth Tessiatore, Dwight, Ill.
 Margaret D. Tovey, New Haven, Conn.
 Laura L. Wakeman, Camden, N. J.
 Elizabeth Warren, Newark, N. J.
 Elizabeth Weiman, Haddon Heights, N. J.
Died November 6, 1918 in France.
 Lulu Wolfe, Newton, N. J.
 Gertrude Wootton, New York, N. Y.
 Margaret Worth, New York, N. Y.
Died October 23, 1918 in France.
 Bertha E. Yerton, Peekskill, N. Y.
 Sophie Zdankiewicz, Brooklyn, N. Y.

GRADUATED FROM

Seeney Hospital, Brooklyn, N. Y.
 State Hospital, Westboro, Mass.
 Hahnemann Hospital, N. Y. City.
 St. Vincents Hospital, Bridgeport, Conn.
 Prospect H'ts. Hospital, Brooklyn, N. Y.
 Metropolitan Hospital, N. Y. City.
 Hahnemann Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.
 Hahnemann Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.
 Hahnemann Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.
 Homeopathic Hospital, Pittsburgh, Pa.
 Italian Hospital, N. Y. City.
 United Hospital, Portchester, N. Y.
 Hahnemann Hospital, Chicago, Ill.
 Hahnemann Hospital, N. Y. City.
 City Hospital, Newark, N. J.
 Homeopathic Hospital, Pittsburgh, Pa.
 St. Lukes Hospital, Utica, N. Y.
 Md. General Hospital, Baltimore, Md.
 Hahnemann Hospital, Chicago, Ill.
 Hahnemann Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.
 Homeopathic Hospital, Pittsburgh, Pa.
 Flower Hospital, N. Y. City.
 St. Josephs Hospital, Reading, Pa.
 Metropolitan Hospital, N. Y. City.
 General Hospital, Newton Falls, N. Y.
 Jewish Hospital, Brooklyn, N. Y.
 Nathan Littauer Hospital, Gloversville.
 St. Lukes Hospital, Utica, N. Y.
 Homeopathic Hospital, Pittsburgh, Pa.
 Hahnemann Hospital, Chicago, Ill.
 Metropolitan Hospital, N. Y. City.
 Homeopathic Hospital, Camden, N. J.
 Hahnemann Hospital, N. Y. City.
 Hahnemann Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.

 City Hospital, Newark, N. J.
 Englewood Hospital, Englewood, N. J.
 Hahnemann Hospital, N. Y. City.

 Hahnemann Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.
 Cumberland St. Hospital, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Non-Enlisted Personnel

Marie P. Brown, Columbus, O.
 Lillian Bulger, Albany, N. Y.
 Katherine Dougherty, Philadelphia, Pa.
 Katherine Goold, Albany, N. Y.
 Jean Rowell, New York, N. Y.
 Lucille A. Wade, New York, N. Y.

Dietitian.
 Stenographer.
 Laboratory Technician.
 Interpreter.
 Stenographer.
 Stenographer.

Two hundred fifty copies of this book were made for the Veterans of Base Hospital No. 48. The composition in Monotype Aldine Bembo and the binding are by the Haddon Craftsmen of Camden, New Jersey under the direction of Major F. H. Greene, C. A. C. The illustrations and text were printed by the Kipe Offset Company of New York. The book was designed by Martin Matheson.

THIS IS COPY NUMBER 13





UH 470 qA2B 48 1939

14230720R



NLM 05100555 2

NATIONAL LIBRARY OF MEDICINE